

THE SKETCH

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



WELCOME HOME! THE PRINCE OF WALES—IN JAPANESE COSTUME AND BOWLER HAT.

The return of the Prince of Wales after his memorable eight-months tour in the East delights everyone, and we are all happy to have his Royal Highness home again. The "Renown" was due at Plymouth on Tuesday night, and the Prince was expected to arrive at Paddington this afternoon, Wednesday,

June 21. Queen Alexandra, as well as the King and Queen, have arranged to meet him at the station, and he will drive through the West End of London on his way to Buckingham Palace. June 23 is the Prince's twenty-eighth birthday, and the celebrations of this event will be more than usually important.

Photograph by C.N

THE GOLDEN MYTH ASCOT: ONE FINE DAY



1. MARY LADY QUEENSBERRY.

2. THE HON. HUGH DOUGLAS PENNANT; THE HON. RUBY HARDINGE; THE HON. MRS. DOUGLAS-PENNANT.

3. MR. AND MRS. RICHARD MARSH AND MISS TOLLIS.

4. MRS. STOCKER; MRS. PEASE; MRS. YOUNGER.

5. CAPTAIN AND MRS. FOLJAMBE.

6. LADY MOIRA COMBE (RIGHT) AND HER SISTER, LADY SHEILA SCOTT.

7. LADY GREENALL.

8. LADY KEKEWICH AND LADY SIDMOUTH.

9. LORD AND LADY FALKLAND AND MISS CHAPLIN.

10. MR. MACDONALD AND THE HON. MRS. MACDONALD.

11. THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF AIRLIE; LADY ZIA WERNHER (LEFT).

12. LORD AND LADY VIVIAN AND THE HON. DAPHNE VIVIAN.

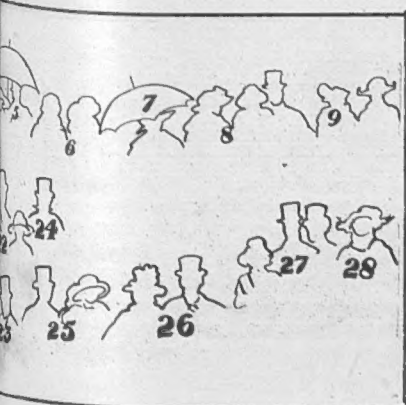
13. CAPTAIN THE HON. RUPERT KEPPEL; LADY ELIZABETH KEPPEL; LADY ROSABELLE BRAND.



This year's Ascot will go down to history as the Golden Myth Meeting, for, till the last day, its gay sunshine was entirely mythical, and Sir George Bullough's wonderful horse won both the Gold Cup and the Gold Vase—

Photographs: Nos. 1, 23 and 24, by Farrington Photo Co.; Nos. 2, 7, 9, 13, 14, 19, 20, 21, 25 and 26, by S. and G.; Nos. 3, 22 and 27, by

OUT OF FOUR FOR THE CLASSIC MEETING!



14. COLONEL AND MRS. MARSHAM.
15. MRS. HEATHCOTE.
16. MRS. CHARLES MILLER.
17. MRS. A. TUCKER.
18. SIR GEORGE NOBLE AND THE HON. MRS. JOSEPH PEASE.
19. THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER
20. SIR JOSEPH AND LADY TICHBORNE.
21. LADY PETRIE AND SIR EDWARD PETRIE.

22. LORD FURNESS AND HIS DAUGHTER, THE HON. AVERILL FURNESS.
23. LORD MARCUS BÉRESFORD.
24. LORD WYFOLD.
25. SIR CHARLES AND LADY HOPE.
26. SIR JAMES BELL AND LADY WATERLOW.
27. MR. HILTON PHILIPSON AND HIS WIFE (MISS MABEL RUSSELL).
28. COLONEL AND MRS. SCOTT HOPKINS.

a feat only twice before accomplished by the same horse in the same year. British Society women, however, showed their courage; and everyone pretended to be enjoying themselves in spite of the weather!

Alfred; Nos. 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12 and 15, by *Topical*; No. 5, by *Tom Aitken*; Nos. 16 and 17, by *I.B.*; Nos. 18 and 28, by *Central Press*.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

Before the Cold Spell.

To start with, the house is surprisingly old-world (considering its newness), with old, oak-panelled walls, beautifully carved mantel-pieces, and spacious rooms.

The feature of the night was the cool terrace that gave one a breath of air between dances. The gardens below were illuminated delightfully with Chinese lanterns and tiny electric lights, and it took little imagination to forget London altogether.

Lady Grimthorpe is the daughter of Colonel Archdale (late 12th Lancers), and Lord Grimthorpe (who is the third Baron) is a partner in the Leeds firm of bankers, Beckett and Co. Like so many of today's English peers, he had an American mother—a daughter of Mr. W. P. Lee, of New York—and he succeeded his father about five years ago. As an old Etonian, an Oxonian, and the Adjutant of the Yorkshire Hussars, he is very well known to a wide circle at home, as well as in Switzerland, where mountain-climbing is his chief recreation.

Lady Grimthorpe looked particularly well, and was a perfect hostess, who, in spite of the shortage of dancing men, made everyone enjoy the evening enormously.

Amongst the many young married ladies who looked their best was Lady Worthington, in a dark-red, very simply cut, straight, long-waisted gown. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson also looked particularly well. So did Mrs. Euan Wallace, who took a young dinner-party that included Lord Glenconner and Lady Alexandra Curzon (who looked very pretty in pale-pink charmeuse).

Mrs. Loeffler was also in pale blue. Lady Powerscourt and her daughter were there, just back from Ireland, with many distressing tales to tell and not much hope of the present outlook of affairs.

I also saw the Master of the Belvoir (Mr. Tom Bouch), Sir Cecil and Lady Bingham and his niece, Miss Louise Stuart-Wortley; Miss Isolde Grosvenor (Lord Arthur Grosvenor's daughter), who looked very sweet; Lord Dalmeny, Lord Fitzwilliam and his daughter, Captain Bulkeley-Johnson, Major Cartwright (the Lord Chancellor's secretary), and too many others to find space to mention.

Ascot.

Was there ever such a tragedy as the first day of Royal Ascot? After all the joyous preparation, the flimsy gowns, the sunshades

and shady hats, and beflowered chiffons, the deluge of rain that caught most of us half-way between London and the race-course was too tragic. White shoes were muddy

at the outset. Transparent straw hats hung limp and lifeless round woebegone faces. The damp made most curls hang in little straight wisps round eyes that searched the heavens for a ray of sunshine with out any encouragement from zenith to horizon. Even the Royal procession was spoilt. It was brave of their Majesties to arrive in open carriages in spite of the weather, but the umbrellas quite spoilt the gala effect. The crowd cheered, if anything, more warmly than ever. It was vastly appreciative of the graciousness of Royalty in deserting warm motor-cars for open landaus on such a day.

In the Royal Enclosure we all crowded underneath the strip of roof and

longed more than ever before for a Royal invitation to luncheon—or that next best thing, an invitation to the Jockey Club. All other lunch-tents were across the paddock, which was soaking wet, or across the race-course, which was wetter still, with a battle beyond with gipsy women and crying babies and the usual armies of Press photographers. The only consolation was lunch itself. The only comfortable woman was Lady Beatty, who arrived in a sable cape from top to toe.

But the Queen looked as wonderful as ever in her favourite blue and silver, with a most becoming hat with soft blue feathers. Most of the time she kept on a lovely long cream-coloured cloak, trimmed with ostrich feathers of the same colour. Princess Mary wore a pale blue gown, of which one only had glimpses under her serviceable and warm-looking coat of grey. Her simple blue straw hat was very similar to the ones she has worn as a girl. In fact, her Royal Highness looked younger than ever, and radiantly happy as she stood by Lord Lascelles' side and eagerly marked her race-card

or looked at the horses through her glasses with very keen interest. Lady Patricia Ramsay walked about with her husband between most races and looked lovely. Her large dark-blue hat with two drooping feathers was most becoming. Like everyone else's, her gown was completely hidden by a warm but "un-Ascoty" coat. Indeed, those who had coats at all, macintoshes, or their husbands' overcoats, or even aquascutums, looked infinitely happier than most of us who shivered in unprotected chiffon. The Duchess of Portland wore a wonderful hat—black straw, with orange, yellow, and brown fathers. Princess Alice was all in brown. Lady Mary Cambridge kept on a very cosy-looking wrap. The Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Hartington, Lady Dalkeith, Lady Margaret Scott, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Mar and Kellie, and Lady Brecknock completed the Windsor Castle party as far as the ladies were concerned. And there were, of course, a number of other guests commanded to luncheon.

Lady Meux was in the Jockey Club stand with Lady Blandford and her unmarried daughter, Miss Victoria Cadogan. Lady Desborough wore a serviceable macintosh which defied all weathers. Lady Edward Churchill



1. Angela is taking the need of economy in water very seriously. She means to be of great assistance to the nation over this grave matter. She is dry-cleaning the darling dogs by means of a cloth ball . . .



2. . . . And taking them out to drink in the Serpentine.

had a house-party that included Lord and Lady Bateman and Grace Lady Newborough, who looked particularly well in all black with a high collar of lace and jet, and a most

becoming long draped cape. Lord Porchester was walking about looking justly proud of his pretty fiancée, who was becomingly dressed in cream. Lady St. Leonards was there in all black, and all the other Windsor people arrived suitably garbed, as the rain began before they left home. Sir Cecil and Lady Bingham, Colonel Trotter, Colonel Cyril Hankey, Colonel Mann (just returned from Berlin, where he is still serving on the Disarmament Commission), Mr. John Monck, the Deputy-Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, very busy with the distinguished ladies of the

her husband; Mrs. Roland Cubitt was also looking her best in brown, and her sables were most appropriate; Mrs. Edward Lascelles was walking in the paddock, and for a while talking to her brother-in-law, Lord Lascelles, who made several peregrinations from the Royal Household Stand to talk to friends or look at the horses in the paddock; Lord and Lady Wavertree were entertaining at the Jockey Club, Lady Wavertree telling people about her usual Lawn Tennis Exhibition Matches, to be held this year at Sussex Lodge on July 10.

And there were so many men that black seemed the keynote for the day. Indeed it was a miserable Ascot.

Mrs. Montagu Tharp seemed undisturbed by the weather, however, and took her usual interest in every race.

She is to be Princess Mary's hostess at Newmarket next week, and has asked a number of young married people to meet her Royal Highness at Chippenham, that jolly home of so many Edwardian racing traditions and memories. Indeed, Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles are showing a most active interest in racing, and they will do it all very comfortably from Chippenham—one of the really old-fashioned country houses, surrounded by a lovely park and yet within a stone's-throw of the Newmarket race-course.

Lady Titchfield. On Monday—the 19th—Lady Titchfield requested the pleasure of her friends' company to an at home at No. 16, Portman Square, in connection with the Peace Day Ball.

It is being held on July 19 at the Hyde Park Hotel, under the gracious patronage of Princess Mary, the Princess Royal, Princess Maud, and Princess Helena Victoria. As it is to create a scholarship fund for The Cedars, Chorley Wood, "the college for the higher education of girls with little or no sight," under the auspices of the National Institute for the Blind, of course we shall all take tickets, whether we are free to go to the ball or not.

One of the speakers on Monday was Dame Clara Butt—a truly eloquent and inspired one. Dr. Elizabeth Sloan Chesser also moved Jane to tears. The thought of blindness grows more intolerable as summer flowers grow more beautiful. The only thing that keeps hearts from breaking with pity are the blind themselves. Verily, they are the bravest and the gladdest on earth—or is it that they only *appear* so because, when you are really "up against it," there is nothing else to do? It is the little natures, with little worries and little ills, that make the biggest fuss in this upside-down world! Jane, for instance, at Ascot without a coat.

The Prince of Wales.

But the greatest event of this week is, of course, the arrival of his Royal Highness, our beloved Prince of Wales.

The birthday party in his honour at Buckingham Palace will be the event of the month—to an honoured few, that is. But most of us will have an opportunity of welcoming him home at one or other of the jolly little less formal parties in which his soul so delights.

Vividly Decorative.

Mrs. "Pat" Campbell's Hedda Gabler was one of the theatrical things which ought not to have been missed. I went to the Kingsway to see her, and have seldom enjoyed anything more. What a wonderful woman Mrs. "Pat" is—and one admires her genius for dress as well as for acting. When one states in cold print that she wore the brightest blue dress imaginable—really as vivid as "grocer's blue" paper, but with just a tinge of green in it—and over it the inevitable Spanish shawl in a *fortissimo* red with just a hint of orange in it, the costume sounds

terrible; but it was actually very effective indeed, and suited Mrs. "Pat" Campbell down to the ground. Its daring richness seemed to be exactly right for her—but I do hope that the ordinary rather colourless mortal, without a trace of the grand manner, won't copy her!

To Appear as Their Own Family Portraits.

Do people really resemble their ancestors? Those who go to the matinée in aid of the Westminster Maternity and Infant Welfare Centres at the Queen's on June 26 will have a chance of judging in two instances at least, for little Miss Nancy Lambton, daughter of the Hon. George Lambton and niece of the Earl of Durham, will be posed as Master Lambton, and Lady Maureen Stanley, the married daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry, will appear in the tableau of Hoppner's "Miranda." Miss Nancy Lambton is the grand-niece of the boy in Sir Thomas Lawrence's famous picture, as Master Charles William Lambton was the eldest son of the first Earl. The picture is one of the loveliest Lawrences in existence, and hangs at Lambton Castle. Its colouring is quite beautiful, as the readers of the *Illustrated London News* will remember, for that paper recently published a very fine reproduction of it in colour. Lady Maureen Stanley is not actually representing a direct ancestor, but Hoppner's "Miranda" was a member of her family. The picture is a portrait of Frances Anne Vane, who married Michael Angelo Taylor, M.P., and died in 1835. Her nephew's great estates were inherited by his nephew, Sir Henry Vane-Tempest, whose estates and name of Vane-Tempest passed into the family of



3. . . . While she insists that Algy drink his whisky neat . . .

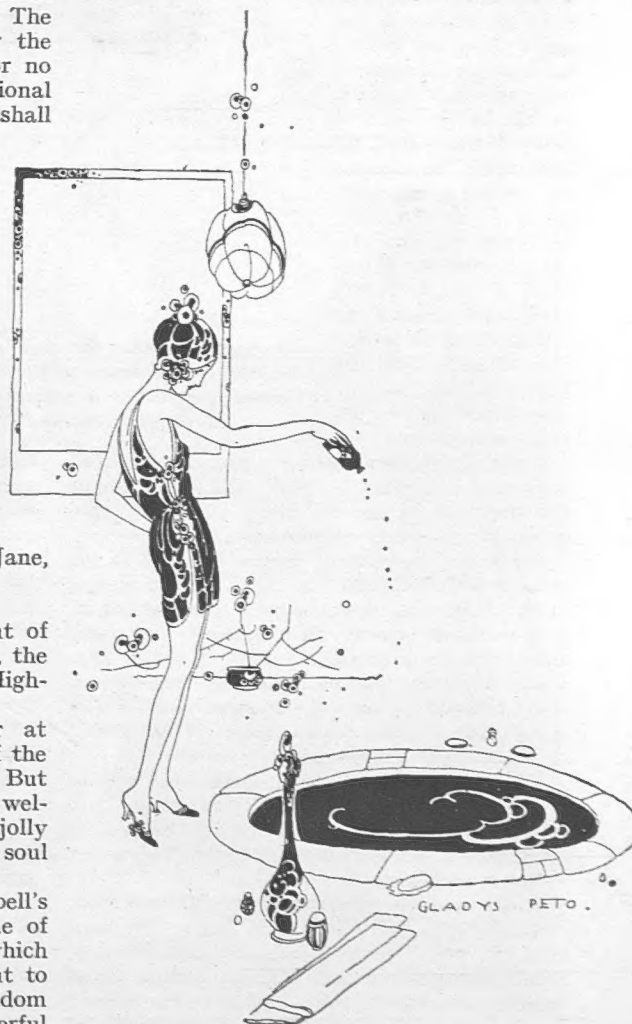
various Embassies and Legations; the Duchess of Sutherland, in a white gown with a big black hat and a black coat; Mrs. Ward (née Miss Muriel Wilson), walking with the Duke of Connaught between races—the Duke looking wonderfully well in a fawn covert-coat and a grey top-hat; Lady Sarah Wilson, in dark brown—were just a few of the well-known people Jane saw on the first day.

Ascot Wednesday.

And the second day was even worse than the first. Colder winds and more boisterous, straight from the North Pole—the kind of wind that made all noses blue and all lip-salve purple—in fact, most of us looked as dismal as we felt.

Muriel Lady Helmsley, tucked away behind the glass screen of the Jockey Club Stand, appeared very comfortable. And, of course, everyone was congratulating Lady Derby (also in the Jockey Club Stand) on Lord Derby's popular win.

Lady Brecknock looked lovely in a pale-blue straw hat—one of the few touches of summer; Lady Meux was surrounded by all her daughters; Mrs. Euan Wallace was chaperoning her débutante sister, Miss Lutyens; Mrs. Wyndham-Quin looked very well in a bright red hat—and hats were all that distinguished *anyone* in a world of warm coats; Miss Cynthia Sandford looked very well in brown; Lady Downshire had motored over from Easthampstead, where she and her step-son were entertaining a family party; Lady Cynthia Mosley, in a very becoming large black hat with a yellow flower, was with



4. . . . In order that she may continue to take her octaval bath.

Stewart, through the wife of the third Marquess of Londonderry, ancestor of the present and seventh holder of the title, the family name of the Marquess of Londonderry now being Vane-Tempest-Stewart.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

KEEPING UP THEIR SPIRITS AT ARCTIC ASCOT! SOME



FORMERLY MISS MURIEL WILSON: MRS. WARD.



THE HON. MRS. RUSSELL AND MR. C. HOWELL.



MRS. EGBERT KIRKLEY, MRS. NOEL TURNER, AND CAPTAIN TURNER.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. MARSHALL ROBERTS AND VISCOUNTESS MAITLAND.



THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.



IN HER SABLES: LADY MAIDSTONE.

Never has the good-temper and determination to keep on smiling which is supposed to be part of the English character been so badly needed by Society as at the first days of the Ascot Meeting, when the cold north wind blew, and women wore furs instead of summer frocks. Our pages, however, prove that somehow or another Society enjoyed Ascot, for our photographs show happy faces, and picture some attractive dresses, though the first three days of the meeting were necessarily shorn of much of their glory. Lady Irene Curzon, who spent the winter in the East, is the eldest daughter of Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. Mrs. Marshall Roberts was formerly Miss Glen Oldham, and is a bride of this year. Viscountess

THE COLD-DAYS DRESSES AND THEIR WEARERS.



MRS. SYDNEY LODER AND MRS. HUBERT LODER.



LADY IRENE CURZON, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MARQUESS CURZON.



WELL WRAPPED UP: LADY CAMDEN.



THE MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY.



WITH LADY LAVERY (RIGHT): LADY DIANA COOPER AND MR. DUFF COOPER.



THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD.



SIR ARTHUR AND LADY TREVOR-DAWSON AND MRS. RALPH MICKLEM.

land is the wife of the son of the Earl of Lauderdale, and the Marchioness of Blandford is one of the lovely daughters of the Hon. Lady Meux the late Viscount Chelsea. Lady Diana Cooper, film star and Society beauty, is the youngest daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and Lady Mary is the wife of the famous artist. Sir Arthur Trevor-Dawson is the well-known gunnery and armament expert, and Managing Director and Chairman of Vickers'; Mrs. Ralph Micklem is his younger daughter. The Countess of Bradford is the wife of the fifth Earl. Her eldest daughter was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids.—[Photographs by S. and G., Topical, and Alfieri.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Tower of Circe.

A very successful joke, with a praiseworthy philanthropic object at the back of it, has been played upon the credulous inhabitants of Brighton and the district. Most people, by this time, have heard of the Mystery Towers. If you ever motored from Brighton to Worthing you could not miss them. For years they stood side by side in Portslade Harbour—huge, round, solid, mysterious, expensive. Nobody quite understood them. We were all, I think, a little overawed by them.

Then one of them suddenly vanished. It was as though a cathedral had left its local habitation and sailed away during the night. The other, disconsolate, was left. More mysterious than ever! Why take one and leave the other? Why let a million of money rot and rust in Portslade Harbour?

The same notion at last occurred to the authorities. "The longer that Tower stands there," they said to each other, "the more questions will be asked about it. The plain truth is that we've wasted a million of money. We'd better destroy the bally thing before we ourselves are destroyed. Our opponents would probably let it stand there for ever as a monument to our folly. That is the sort of advertisement for which we have no use at all."

So the order was given to destroy the Tower of Circe.

A Hundred Thousand Pilgrims.

But the Tower had not yet finished with the public. An enterprising gentleman obtained leave to show the Tower to the public at a shilling a time, the money to go to the Royal Sussex County Hospital—an admirable institution which needs money badly. The public responded with the utmost eagerness. For years they had stared at the Tower, talked about the Tower, whispered to each other the secret of the Tower. Now at last they were to have the chance of actually seeing the inside of the Tower and climbing to the roof.

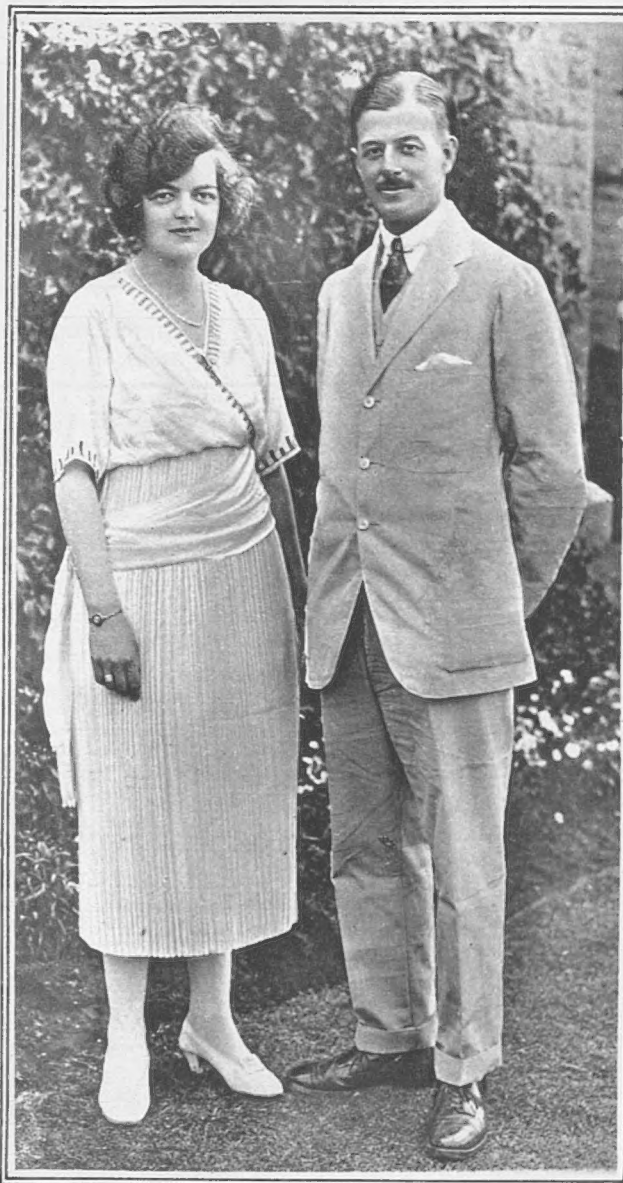
Policemen were told off to keep the crowds in order. The visitors were of all ages. An old lady of eighty was among them, and she climbed the perpendicular ladders with the rest. I was among them myself. I love a mystery.

Our adventures began with a voyage by boat. Not a long voyage, but an extraordinarily pungent one. I don't know what it is about that piece of water. The boatman told me it was a healthy smell. It was so healthy that it all but knocked me into the bottom of the boat. In time of war that strip of water would alone render the Tower almost impregnable.

We then landed and began to climb. We climbed gangways and ladders and a spiral

staircase. We emerged, streaming, at the summit. And what did we find? Fresh air, a nice sea view—and that was all. So we laughed as well as we could and climbed down again.

The room that held the mystery was kept locked. What was the mystery? Did I solve it? Well, I think I may venture to say that I did. After all, human nature never alters. And what, then, was the mystery of



MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S MARRIED DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND: MRS. CAREY-EVANS AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CAREY-EVANS, M.C.

The Prime Minister's elder daughter, Olwen, now Mrs. Carey-Evans, married in 1917, and went to the East with her husband after the war. Lieutenant-Colonel Carey Evans, M.C., F.R.C.S., is the surgeon to H.E. the Earl of Reading, Viceroy of India. He was appointed in 1921, and will hold the appointment until April 1926.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

this million-pound Tower? I have called it, not without reason, the Tower of Circe. You remember, of course, all about your Circe? Were her powers natural, or had she mastered the science of electric force?

The Very Latest Complaint.

I happened to be in London on the day that the papers were making the case of the Ronald True cast. It appeared that he was suffering from aberration of intellect, and would therefore proceed to Broadmoor during his Majesty's pleasure instead of being hanged.

After a hard afternoon's work—no theatrical company ever seems to realise, by the way, that the producer acts every part—I found a taxi, and requested the driver to take me to my club. A few minutes later we pulled up in front of a large hotel. A mountain of gold braid agitated itself languidly towards the cab and opened the door.

"Sorry," I said, "but I'm not coming here."

We drove on, the open door waving in the breeze. Arrived at the club, the driver was all smiles.

"You must pardon me, Sir," he explained, "but I was a bit aberrational."

I had not seen the evening papers at the time, and wondered where he had found so splendid a word.

"When I get like that," he went on, "I might do anything."

"Do you suffer from it much?" I inquired.

"Not a lot, Sir, but I've bin known to drive to Paddington when the customer said Charin' Crorst."

A fascinating city to strangers, I have always understood.

The Club Philosopher.

I met a philosopher in the club. He was drinking whisky-and-soda. I ordered a gingerale.

"My dear fellow," he said, "that's where you make a mistake. These teetotal drinks are all very well in their way, but they don't quench the thirst. That's why you have to have them in long glasses. On the other hand, did you ever know a whisky-drinker clamour for a long glass? Of course not. 'Steady with the soda!' is his constant cry. Which proves that the best thing to quench the thirst is alcohol."

I had to catch a train to the south coast, and ran it rather fine. Hurrying into the station, I looked up at the great clock. The hands had been carefully removed.

I dashed for my platform. The platform clock, I felt sure, was fast.

"You're fast," I said to the ticket-collector.

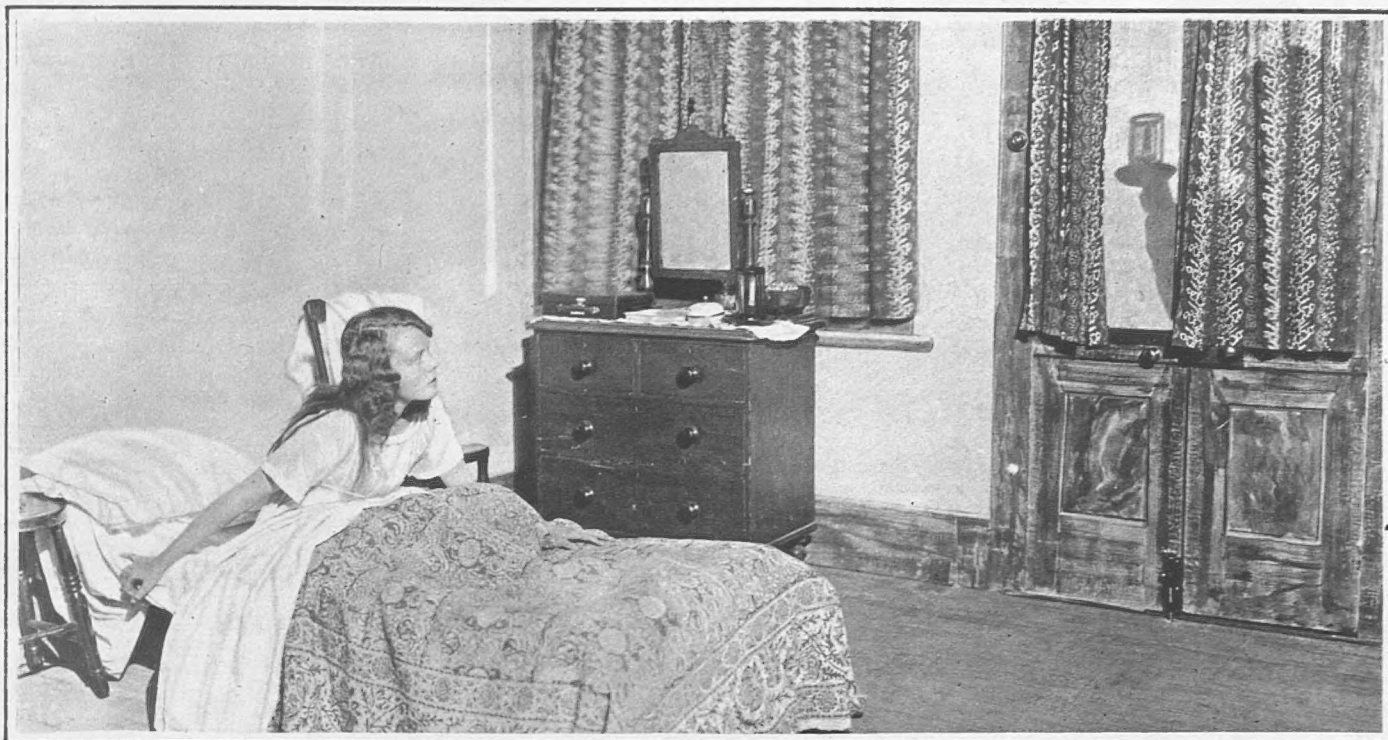
"That's right, Sir. Fast train to Brighton."

There was no time to argue. I found a compartment with only one man in it. I seemed to be in luck.

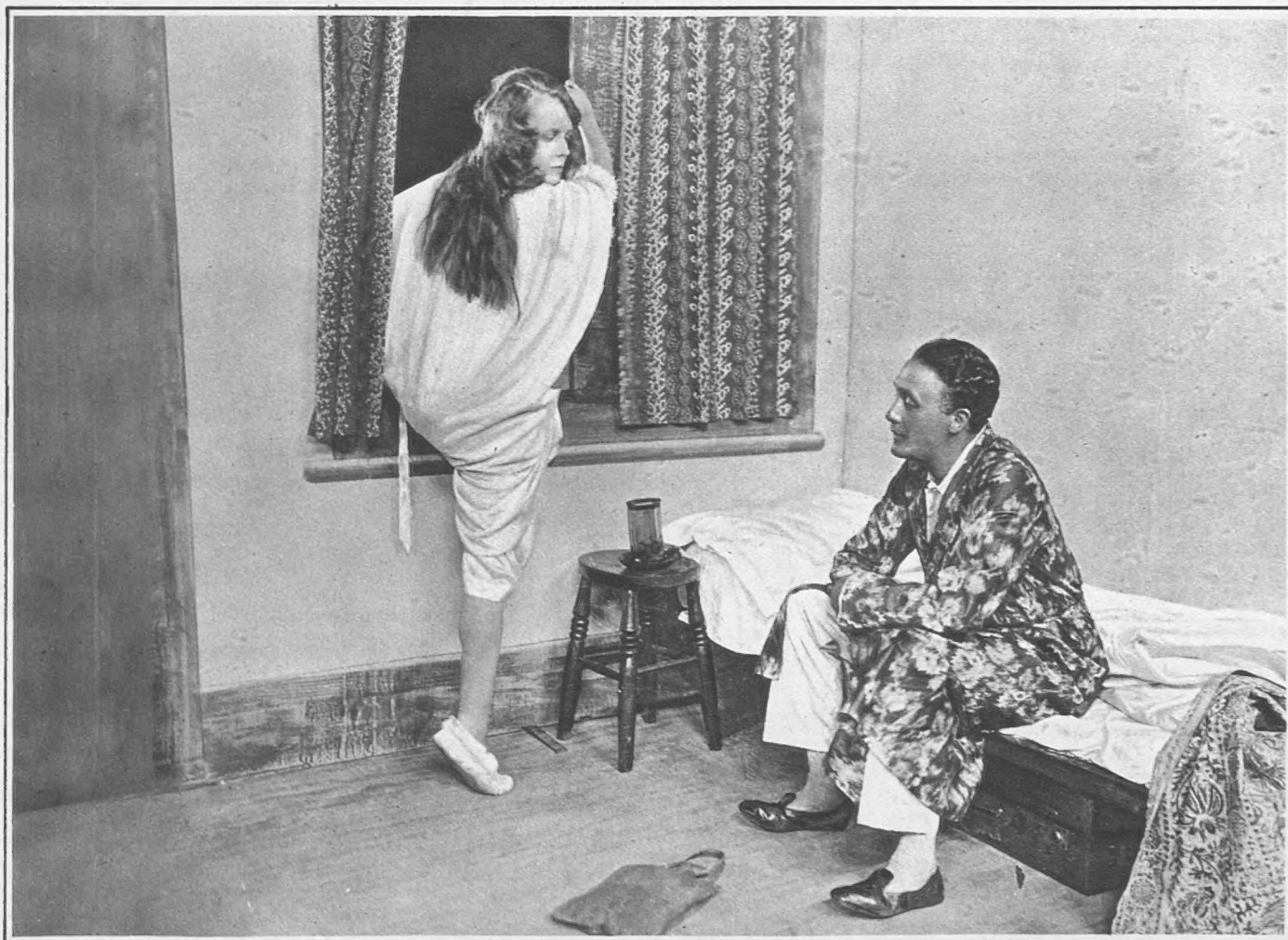
But I wasn't. He sneezed eight times before the train started, and three times a minute all the way to Brighton.

I wonder how long it takes for hay-fever to develop?

Close Quarters in "Quarantine": The Comedy Bungalow.



IS HE REALLY THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN?: MISS PARTLETT (MISS EDNA BEST) DOUBTFUL ABOUT THE SHADOW ON THE DOOR.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF A ONE-ROOMED BUNGALOW FOR A MOCK ELOPING PAIR: MISS PARTLETT (MISS EDNA BEST) AND TONY BLUNT (MR. OWEN NARES).

If a young woman elopes with a young man in order to "save" her married cousin from breaking her vows, and finds herself condemned to spend a period of quarantine in a one-roomed bungalow with the young man, the situation is awkward. Miss Partlett the heroine of "Quarantine," Miss Tennyson Jesse's new play at the Comedy, finds her position specially thorny—as she happens to

be more than a little in love with Tony Blunt. He, however, is the perfect gentleman under all circumstances, and when Dinah tells him that if he stays in the bungalow she will sleep out, he gives possession at once, and what is more, sends the young lady's maid to keep her company, although, when Dinah hears her footsteps, she wonders if Tony was as complete a gentleman as she imagined.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

AT Chiswick Park, I came across a fine example of the umpire who apparently takes the view that, though he cannot prevent the public seeing the game, wild horses shall not drag from him the score, which he considers a private and confidential affair between him and the competitors. But when I saw the familiar figure of Mr. J. Orr Fraser mounting his throne to take charge of a match, I knew I should have the progress of each game announced to me with the most perfect articulation.

I revelled in his magnificent utterances, which have all the solemnity of a bishop pronouncing the benediction. Some day I expect to hear him say: "Here beginneth the first game of the second set of a best-out-of-five match." And, in conclusion: "Here endeth the second set." At this Chiswick Park meeting Mr. Fraser had a good opportunity for exercising his gift of repartee. A competitor was being well whacked by a very strong opponent. Nobody expected any other result—except the youth himself, who evidently fancied he ought to win. When he found himself losing he began to curse the court. Fraser stood it for a bit, but at last retorted: "Pity you didn't bring your own!"

The fact that this very tall umpire is often to be seen standing on his chair suggests that he needs a more elevated position from which to view the game. A bird's-eye view might be obtained by suspending him from a crane right over the centre of the court. I'm afraid, however, that he would often get in the way of a good lob.

The Gipsy Club provided an exceptionally fine entertainment—apart from the very high-class exposition of the game by Mrs. Mallory and Gordon Lowe. First of all there was the Italian Davis Cup player, Baron H. L. de Morpurgo. His service

positively makes one gasp. The contortions by which it is evolved remind one of that unfortunate fellow Laocoon trying to wriggle free from the coils of two terrible serpents. After nearly killing his partner, Roper Barrett, with one or two terrific, but wrong-side-of-the-net services, he later on made what looked like a determined attack on Mishu, the umpire, for his racquet was seen hurtling across the court in the direction of the Roumanian. However, this proved to be entirely accidental. It had slipped from his hand. A friend of mine, a great authority on the game, who has seen every important lawn-tennis match for the last thirty years, declared he had never seen such a thing happen before. But the Italian gave us to understand that he often did it.

Morpurgo's sweater (or "perspira") I imagine it might be in Italian) is a lovely creation. It is knitted with a kind of

clad for games. Hers was certainly the shortest skirt at the Gipsy Club. I admired the pleated skirt,

But though I the low waist-line, defined by a belt, I wondered why, with this otherwise delightfully sensible creation, it was necessary to be so high and close-fitting round the neck.

Seeing a very prominent and successful competitor at Stamford Hill continually foot-faulting suggested to me the question, when is a spectator not a spectator? The answer seems to be: when he's an umpire. The dictionary gives "beholder" as the meaning of the word "spectator." I suppose this umpire I'm thinking of didn't know the rule about foot-faults, "beholder."

because he was certainly no "beholder." Why players—first-class players—run any risk of being foot-faulted, I cannot understand. Let them stand a foot or two behind the line and they will have no cause to worry about umpires. I saw a lady—Mrs. Carr, I believe it was—at this very same tournament, taking no risks of being shouted at by the umpire. I am not

exaggerating when I say she was standing four yards outside the court!

I notice that the contents of the little shelf below the umpire's seat have developed to an almost alarming extent during the last few years.

At the Gipsy Club I saw a lady competitor go up to this shelf every time she changed courts, take some few drops of a pretty heliotrope shade from a dainty little bottle, and rub them on her hands. She suffered from blisters.

But this shelf is also the receptacle for coats, drinks, towels, and cigarettes; the last, I regret to say, generally the property of players of the fair sex.

I have often seen a mixed double just leaving the court, and observed with regret that it is generally the ladies who have rushed to light up their "gaspers."



F. R. L. CRAWFORD,
BOUND TO WIN!



BRINGING HIS OWN
COURT.



MORPURGO'S
SWEATER OR
"PERSPIRA."

IN THE WAY OF A GOOD
LOB.

rope-like pattern, and the Italian colours line the yoke and the edge of the skirt. The latter is very long, and the "perspira" is sleeveless.

Then there was the Anglo-Indian, F. R. L. Crawford, who is worth coming a long way just to look at. A close-cropped sandy head, big gold spectacles, a shirt with "bobbed" sleeves, and his right arm bound, puttee-like, from wrist to elbow. I believe he'd play better bandaged like this all over. Bound to win, in fact!

And I must not omit to refer to the very sensible kit which Miss E. R. Clarke was wearing at this meeting. She is a very athletic woman—being an English International hockey-player—and realises the importance of being properly



MORPURGO'S
SERVICE.



MISS E. R. CLARKE.



MR. FRASER'S
CHAIR NOT
HIGH ENOUGH.

by Mrs. Mallory and Gordon Lowe. First of all there was the Italian Davis Cup player, Baron H. L. de Morpurgo. His service

The Bride with the Retinue of Sixteen Attendants.



LADY JOAN CAPELL, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. OSBERT PEAKE WAS FIXED FOR MONDAY, JUNE 19.

The marriage of Lady Joan Capell, second daughter of Adèle Countess of Essex, to Mr. Osbert Peake was fixed for Monday last, June 19, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The elder bridesmaids were Lady Iris Capell, sister of the bride; Miss Eileen Peake, sister of the bridegroom; the Hon. Joan Poynder, daughter of Lady Islington; the Hon. Imogen Grenfell, younger daughter of Lord Desborough; Miss Astor, the daughter of Lady Ribblesdale; and Miss Elizabeth Pollock, younger daughter of

Sir Adrian Pollock. The ten children were: Alwyn and Mary Compton, the twin children of Captain Edward Compton; Viscount Astor's son Michael, with Mary Mackail; Michael Asquith, the son of Lady Cynthia Asquith, with Jean Innes-Ker, daughter of Lord Alastair Innes-Ker; Robin Brand, son of Lady Rosabelle Brand, with Priscilla Grant; and Reginald Ward, son of the Hon. Lady Ward, with Rosemary Grosvenor, daughter of Lord Edward Grosvenor. Jade-green was the colour-scheme.

Photograph exclusive to "The Sketch" by Bertram Park, whose remarkable portrait-study of the Queen of Spain appeared in our last issue.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Horses and Women.

Ascot, and the break in the weather, and—I receive feminine guidance in recording this—lace and georgette giving way to foulard and charmeuse; but the best-dressed crowd in the world ready to face all rain risks; and horticulturists and trainers of expensive thoroughbreds not at all discontented with wet skies and draughts of rain for the thirsty earth. And we still in the midst of the carnival time in which horses and costly-gowned women play a chief part, for Richmond Horse Show precedes Ascot, and now there is the Horse Show at Olympia.

Richmond Horse Show is ever exceeding its ancient glories. A profit of some £1200 was made last year. It should be a bigger one this. The Saturday attendance, with the King and Queen and Princess Mary present, must have approached record.

The London public gets its show in the Coaching Marathon. I rode on one of the coaches from the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park to the Richmond show ground, and I can assure you that every Kensington parlourmaid and every taxi-driver had an appraising glance to bestow upon the fourteen four-in-hands as they trotted through the streets and turned off Hammersmith Broadway to cross Hammersmith Bridge.

This year the splendid "Comet" team, turned out by Mr. W. J. Smith, beat Mr. W. A. Barron's well-known road coach team. But in the private-coaches class Mr. Claud Goddard, with his blacks, won for the second year in succession. It did not take this year's judges, Lord Desborough and Lord Roundway, very long to decide that the red rosette should be theirs. A fast, level-moving team, they did the journey to Richmond at a smooth, easy pace in fifty-four minutes. Without breaking out of their steady, uniform trot, they passed five other coaches on the way down. This had nothing to do with their victory, but it proved them to be a team with pace. And the experts were full of praise of the two wheelers, wheelers with hind-quarters that could stop a coach going down-hill if the brake should happen to fail. That well-known Birmingham whip, Walter Gilman, had an expressive phrase that conveyed the merits of these particular wheelers. "Some of the others," he said, with a dismissing sweep of the hand, "have no middles about 'em—they could almost wear ladies' corsets. But these wheelers of Mr. Goddard's—!" There was nothing more to be said.

A Stock Exchange Brakesman.

Mr. Egerton Hensley, known to everyone on the Stock Exchange, again had charge of the brake, and accomplished his task with due solemnity and conscientiousness. Old Hatcher, Mr. Goddard's head man, did not conceal some anxiety on the journey down; he looked many times at Sir Edward Stern's blue roans and at Mr. Theobald's showy red roans.

But it was a direct win, and Hatcher was a beaming man at the end of the day.

Lord Roundway's Coaching Days.

Lord Desborough and Lord Roundway—let it not be forgotten that Lord Roundway used to be a famous coaching man himself when he was Sir Edward Colston—were as thorough in their attention to equipment detail as inspecting Generals in the Army can be.

One coachman will remember the Richmond Show of 1922 because he could not say "Yes" when Lord Roundway asked if he carried a spare whip. "I always used to," replied the judge. Another coach certainly had lamps,

them are doing useful work with the harrow."

No Ascot for M.P.s.

The True case and Ireland kept many Members of Parliament, just returned from their Whitsuntide holiday, to the House of Commons grindstone. This in spite of Ascot. I heard it put, rather neatly I thought, in this way—

A visitor to the House, the day the session was resumed, the day before the Ascot meeting opened, asked the Member who was showing him round how he expected M.P.s to tackle the country's problems after their holiday.

"They look bronzed and lethargic now," said the Member bluntly; "but wait until Ascot is over."

A Maidenhead Comedy.

Maidenhead and its hotels were filled to overflowing the week-end before Ascot. There are stories of frantic endeavours to secure sleeping accommodation. One man about town, a one-time rowing Blue, was deserted just before dinner-time on Saturday by the young man, son of a City financier, who had motored him to Maidenhead. The young man suddenly remembered that he was to dine in town with his father.

The rowing Blue met any number of friends, dined, danced, and supped, and, reflecting that he had been invited to Mr. Solly Joel's annual Sunday-before-Ascot luncheon at Maiden Erlegh, thought it would be better for him to stay the night in Maidenhead and go on in the morning from there. But it was now 1 a.m., and he soon found that all the hotels were full.

However, at one hotel he found, about 1.30 a.m., that a guest who had booked a room had not turned up; he persuaded the night porter that it was sure to be all right, and went to bed in that room.

About three in the morning there was a loud knocking on the door. The guest had arrived, after an all night motor ride. But neither the man inside nor the man outside could open the door. The porter had locked it. The rowing Blue apologised to the man who had booked the room—and took it that he had better go to sleep again.

What Happened at Dawn.

About 5 a.m. a day porter came on the scene with a master key; and, reminding himself of the immortal tale of Box and Cox, the rowing Blue, a little ashamed of himself, arose, gathered up his belongings, trudged across Maidenhead Bridge to another hotel, and told the porter there that, no beds being available, he would take a snooze on one of the couches in the lounge.

I believe that the maids, coming in to do the sweeping, were much startled by the sight of his large, long, recumbent figure. Still, he got his rest. He found, though, that he had lost his hat in the course of his perambulations. I do not know whether he or the man who had booked the bed at the first hotel insisted on paying for the room.



FORMERLY MISS RIETTE NEILSON: THE HON. MRS. VICTOR COCHRANE-BAILLIE.

The Hon. Mrs. Victor Cochrane-Baillie is the wife of Lord Lamington's only son. She is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Neilson, of Wentbridge House, Pontefract, and possesses the unusual and pretty Christian name of Riette. Her marriage to the Hon. Victor Cochrane-Baillie took place recently at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

Photograph by Hoppé.

but on the coach-body were no sockets to hold the lamps should they be required.

One of the coaching Wards—either Frank or Fred—inquired of Lord Roundway what had become of his coaching horses, now that his Lordship no longer regularly drives a four-in-hand.

"To tell you the truth," replied Lord Roundway with almost an apologetic smile, "I'm using them on the land. Two of

Possible Winner Owners of Classic Races in the Future.



MRS. R. P. CROFT



MRS. SANDAY.



MISS TANNER.



MRS. L. CECIL - WRIGHT.

This page shows the fourth of our series of photographs of lady race-horse owners whose names appear in "Horses in Training" as owning horses now being trained for racing, and brings the number of portraits of these good

sportswomen which we have published up to the total of thirty-six but as over 120 ladies now own racehorses, "The Sketch" hopes to be able to continue this interesting series in future issues

Photographs 1 and 3 by S. and G.

THE NEW PAULA TANQUERAY: THE CHIEF



AS FEW PEOPLE WILL RECOGNISE HER: MISS GLADYS COOPER

The revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the Playhouse, with Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Dennis Eadie in the leading rôles, is one of the most important theatrical events of the year. Sir Arthur Pinero's twenty-nine-year-old play still enthralles the audience—for a supremely well-made play does not "date," and Miss Gladys Cooper's acting as the more or less scarlet woman who married into a respectable family ranks as the chief triumph of her career. From the moment that she first appears on the stage, Miss Cooper gives the impression of a woman fated to unhappiness. Although her make-up, with scraped-back hair, helps to achieve this, it is chiefly a triumph of expression, and throughout the rôle of Paula Tanqueray—

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTRAM PAN

TRIUMPH OF GLADYS COOPER'S CAREER.



WITH SCRAPED-BACK HAIR AS PINERO'S MOST FAMOUS HEROINE.

which was, of course, created by Mrs. "Pat" Campbell in 1893—Miss Gladys Cooper proves herself to be an actress not afraid of the heights. Our pages show Miss Cooper in some of the lovely dresses she wears as Mrs. Tanqueray. They include a double-trained evening dress of glittering bugles and embroidery, an exquisite tea-gown trimmed with lace and provided with a lace train and flowing stole sleeves, and a shimmering draped evening gown with a pearl ornament on the left-hand side of the waist, which is worn with a fur-trimmed wrap, further adorned with narrow galon; and though the severe coiffure, with scraped-back hair, alters Miss Cooper considerably, she has never looked more beautiful than as Paula Tanqueray.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



Tales with a sting.

THE SPUR.

BY LOUISE HEILGERS. (Author of "Tabloid Tales," etc.)

FOR years he had smarted under the sharp sting of it.

Not only smarted—sweated—seen red at times even, although, in the main, he had borne it all uncomplainingly enough.

Then, suddenly, he had turned. Had awakened one day to the fact that there were other worlds than the one in which, for nine years, he had lived at the mercy of a woman's will.

Had seen Freedom beckoning with a gracious finger, and followed.

Had followed, gladly forsaking the useless husks of matrimony, to where the young green corn of Liberty danced, slim and lovely in the breeze.

The law would call it desertion, of course. The law had strange names for labelling quite worth-while-doing things. He himself had always had a sneaking admiration for the man who climbed to fortune upon the fortunes of other men; the adventurer, who had developed into a fine art the delicate manipulation of worthless paper into securities worth their weight in gold.

But most of all he admired and envied every man who, being married, could still achieve independence, could be master, perhaps not of his own house, but of his own life outside it.

As it was, for years he had just been the humble slave chained to the chariot-wheel of his wife's unconquerable ambition to make him, in spite of himself, a successful man. Night and day he had suffered from the goading spur of her will that drove him on and on, even in his dreams, to wealth, position, influence.

But he had escaped at last. For good or ill now, to the end of his days, he was free.

In his comfortably slippered feet, he trod the carpet on the floor of the little drawing-room of the furnished flat he had taken, with the martial air of a conqueror.

A huge fire burnt unrebuked on the hearth (at home there were only gas-fires behind ornamental, highly polished stoves); a glass-and-silver tantalus full of choice spirits stood unlocked upon a table (at home, the tantalus between meals had always been locked); there was a smell of strong tobacco in the air—at home, pipes had been considered vulgar, so that he had only been allowed cigarettes, or, occasionally, when they entertained, a cigar.

With fingers that trembled a little, he presently refilled the pipe, ramming the pungent tobacco down, helped himself anew to whisky, heaped unnecessary coal upon the flames.

He was his own master—his own man. "Heaven help the fool who might, in the guise of friendship, presently seek to drag him back to servitude again."

The clock on the mantelpiece pointed to

seven. In the ordinary way of things, he would now be dressing for dinner.

But he wasn't going to dress for dinner to-night—he was never going to dress for dinner any more. He had finished with the thralldom of dress-ties and white shirts for good.

Presently, when he was hungry, he would saunter out to a little restaurant he knew in Soho, where both the food and the company were queer, but both excellent in their way. After that, he might drop in at a show somewhere, or join the fellows at the club for a rubber. There were even other more enchanting adventures possible—all womanhood laughed at him rose-hued now that he was free; but these were for the future—to-night, the very fact that he was free was sufficient romance and to spare.

Never any more would he go back to the wife who wanted the successful husband, but had no use for the husband alone, who had turned wifehood into a steel spur rather than a golden rose.

He had a sudden mental vision of her sitting at the head of his table at one of the little dinners she was so fond of giving to the friends among their circle who really "counted," with a vivid flower stuck in the coils of her night-dark hair, and pearls slipping smoothly from her bare white neck over the black mystery of her gown. She was the perfect hostess, calm, unflurried, never losing a chance to drop the word in season (for him); never losing sight of the main issue (profit for him); never forgetting to consolidate his position (and hers); never, for a single instant, dropping the goad.

"My husband is so ambitious—he quite frightens me sometimes." Over and over again he had heard the words dropping like honey from her lips.

When all the time it had been she. It was she, not he, who shone at social mountaineering. He was no Peak of Darien climber. All he had ever asked of life was a decent income—and peace.

He had been fond of golfing once, until she had forced him to give up the local links where, during the week-end, he met all his old friends, his old tweed suit seasoned by constant wear into more of a pal than a garment, and join a far smarter and more expensive club, where, although the fees were exorbitant, it was possible, by dint of skilful manœuvring, to develop an extensive acquaintanceship with the right sort of people.

People who might be confidently relied upon to have their uses later on.

How he had loathed it all—how many times he had shivered with humiliation looking round at his table at the fat, prosperous faces of the fat, prosperous men who sat there—at the invitation of his wife—fat,

prosperous men into whose counterpart she hoped to make even him one day.

Might even have succeeded in making, perhaps, if he hadn't rebelled at last and broken away.

Remembering all this, he stood quite still in the middle of the room a second, then, lifting his glass from the table beside him, drained it to the dregs.

"It's great to be free," he cried aloud to the empty room. "Cæsar, but it's great!"

Then, suddenly, even as he stood there, glass in hand, he felt all at once the queerest sense of unrest. A feeling of emptiness, of something missing, incomplete, laid hold of him and would not be shaken off.

The quiet room seemed to stifle him. He put up a hand to his throat as if he choked. Crossing the room quickly, he threw up the window. The noise of the traffic outside drifted in like a blow, almost deafening him with its tumult after the hot, fire-lit silence, but he welcomed it gladly.

Noise was something tangible—something vital. Here at last again was something real. It was deadly, come to think of it, to live alone.

He thought, with increasing restlessness, of Soho—the insidious Italian wine he had promised himself; the savoury, alien food; the pretty waitress who would bring the dishes to him, and, later, his account—moistening the stub of her blunt pencil with the tip of a little red tongue.

There would be a smell of garlic in the air, and the middle fingers of all the girl diners there would be stained yellow with tobacco.

At home, there would be the scent of freshly bought hyacinths, rising smoothly pink and white, like the shoulders of well-bred women, from crystal and silver vases. His wife, in one of her favourite black gowns, would be sitting down to table, calm and unmoved, seeking to hide his defection, to gloss things over, to make the way clear for his return.

"A little business trip—oh, quite unforeseen!—my husband's so dreadfully ambitious, there's no keeping him at home these days."

And, all at once, thinking of her, he knew that he hungered for her, that he had lived with her too long to learn to do without her now.

That life without the sharp spur of her will urging him on, forbidding him to rest, would be a savourless thing indeed. That he was even as a dog that, loathing the whip, yet creeps back to lick the hand that wields it.

For three days and nights he endured freedom; then, despising himself, hating himself even; he went back to his husks and was glad.

THE END.



THE ART OF W. RUSSELL FLINT: "GARDEN DIANAS."

(From the Exhibition of Water-Colours by W. Russell Flint, at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street. Copyrights Strictly Reserved.)

Under the Purple Wistarias.



THREE LITTLE MAIDS OF LOTUS LAND: A JAPANESE TEA-PARTY.

This beautiful photograph of a trio of Japanese ladies tea-drinking under the purple canopy of wistaria is an example of the camera skill of Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, the well-known traveller, author, and

photographer. He is the author of "In Lotus Land" and other books, and is a great authority on Japan and the Japanese, as well as a master of the art of the camera.

From the Photograph by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.

Where Poems are Made to the Flowers.



UNDER A BLUE SKY SCREENED BY WISTARIA: IN THE GARDENS OF KAMÉIDO.

Wistaria time is perhaps the most wonderful moment in the famous gardens of Kaméido, in Tokyo. The grounds of the old temple sacred to Tenjin-sama are a sight of bewildering beauty, for the pond winding among the islands is surrounded with tea-gardens from whose trellised roofs depends a forest of white and purple bloom. Many of the pendent blossoms are a

yard or more in length, and under this shelter, which veils the sky with a purple canopy, the æsthetic flower-worshippers drink tea and eat cakes as they admire and discuss, and improvise poems to the graceful floral wonders. This beautiful photograph of Kaméido in wistaria time was taken by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., the author of "In Lotus Land."

From the Photograph by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.



“THE BATHER”

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. RUSSELL FLINT

(From the Exhibition of Water-Colours by W. Russell Flint, at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond Street, London, W. 1)



'S' ARCADE.'

RUSSELL FLINT, R.W.S. R.S.W.

Steel. Original Purchased for the National Gallery, Ottawa. Copyrights Strictly Reserved.)

The Daughter of an Ulster Peer: A Hussar's Wife.



FORMERLY THE HON. MOIRA DE YARBURGH-BATESON : THE HON. MRS. J. R. R. FULLERTON.

The Hon. Mrs. John Robert Rankin Fullerton is the only child of the third Baron Deramore, of Heslington Hall, York, and Belvoir Park, Belfast. She was born in 1898, and married Mr. John Robert Rankin Fullerton, 19th Hussars, in 1919. Lord Deramore is a Member of the Ulster Unionist Council, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Yeomanry (T.D.).

His first wife, who was the mother of Mrs. Fullerton, was a daughter of the late Mr. William Henry Fife, of Lee Hall, Northumberland. She died in 1901, and the present Lady Deramore is the elder daughter of Colonel Philip Saltmarshe, of Saltmarshe, Yorkshire. The family assumed the additional name of de Yarburgh in 1876.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT ; EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

This Week's Studdy.



IGNOMINY.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE: The Studdy Dog Portfolio, containing fifteen of the most famous of the Dog Studies by Studdy which have appeared in the "Sketch," printed in colours, on thick paper, and suitable for framing, is now on sale, price 2s.



HER CROWNING GLORY.

FROM THE SALON PICTURE BY EMILE FRIANT.



Jock Hutchison: An Up-Swing in Three Parts.

By R. Endersby Howard.

A Living Model.

Jock Hutchison, of Chicago, who is here defending his title of British open golf champion, is like no other first-class player I have ever seen. He is the only champion who seems to hide none of his art. If he tried deliberately to make it all perfectly clear to everybody, he could not achieve a greater success. He is a living, working model of the golf swing—or rather, the up-take of the club, which is where most people go wrong—dissected into three parts. Each part has its perceptible beginning and ending, although the three sections merge into a whole.

The Mechanical Doll.

When Harry Vardon—than whom nobody in this world ever had a profounder knowledge of cause and effect in golf—was endeavouring once to drill into my head the correct principles of the up-swing, he said: 'You know that mechanical figure whose hand goes up to the salute when you pull a string. The hand rises with three jerks; it starts and pauses, goes on and pauses again, and then finishes beside the head. Well, that's the idea of the golf swing, except that the hands move up to the head in an arc on the right side of the body instead of going straight up, and that there are no jerks. But the image of the three movements is a good one to remember so long as you swing with a rhythm that makes the whole movement continuous, and do not create any complications by disconnecting when you finish the one section and join on the next.'

Movement No. 1.

Jock Hutchison makes this principle plainer to see than anybody else ever has done. Watch him playing a drive or a nearly full iron shot. His first movement is to take the club-head away from the ball—back about two feet. That is an operation all to itself. I will not say that he does it in the same manner as most other great golfers, for whereas they nearly all keep the club-head close to the ground and follow a line straight behind the ball for several inches, Hutchison appears to lift the club-head up the instant he starts it. It is an almost abrupt-looking trait in his methods. Probably it explains why, having completed the first section, he permits himself a semi-pause—not a complete stoppage, but an unmistakable slowing down, as though he were steadying the club-head and himself for the second section.

Nos. 2 and 3.

He gathers pace again—although his back-swing is never fast—until the club reaches the stage where it is ready to fall into position behind his head, preparatory to starting the down-

swing. There is another slight pause; then the club falls into position with, perhaps, a very slight relaxation of the grip; and the up-swing is complete. It is the most manifest operation in three parts that ever I have seen, and the first time I watched Hutchison I recollected instantly the analogy that Vardon had drawn eight years previously between the mechanical figure that saluted in three parts and the good golfer's up-swing, accomplished also in three stages.

A Reflection for Disciples.

To try and do it with the deliberateness with which Hutchison does it would very likely lead the ordinary golfer into disaster. To make these distinct joints in the swing without causing the whole movement to become disjointed must be very difficult. There is obviously considerable danger of a disturbance of the poise or a lowering of the head towards the ball in a carefully thought-out scheme of raising the club stage by stage. In connection with this point, one is reminded of a peculi-

The Sub-Conscious Influence.

Hutchison goes through with his three parts without ever sacrificing one iota of his physical balance or head-position. I dare say he does it naturally; that he is unconscious of the dissection of the swing which he is throwing into such bold relief. Probably the average golfer who decided to try this system would have to train himself to be no more than sub-consciously aware of the three stages of the up-swing. But, then, the sub-conscious influence is always the best influence in golf. To endeavour literally, methodically, and with that knowledge which the mind has of its own acts and feelings to do exactly what a famous player does is hopeless. Perceptions which are without precise and oppressive rules of action undoubtedly do help.

A Slinging Hit.

Whether Hutchison honours the traditional theory that the club-head must come down by exactly the same track as that which it followed when going up I do not know. Whether, indeed, this belief is supported in practice by any of the leading golfers of to-day is open to question. The down-swing is so very fast by comparison with the up-swing that nobody can tell. Hutchison, having recovered the club-head from the top of the swing and started it gently downwards, seems simply to sling it at the ball—"sling," I think, is the right expression if by it can be conveyed the idea of a smooth swing with a punch in it—a combination, indeed, of swing and hit.

Checking the Run.

Of every kind of approach shot, with either mashie or niblick, Hutchison is unquestionably a master. It was this strength more than any other that enabled him to take the British Open Championship Cup to America last year—the first time it had crossed the Atlantic; and the same power has manifested itself since his return to this country to defend his title. He turns the toe of the club away from the ball, and the way in which he "cuts the legs" from under the ball at the impact has to be seen to be believed.

A Shot That Came Back.

He can do it, too, without the help of any of those club-face markings which are supposed to aid in the application of back-spin. When he landed, he had a mashie with rough edges to the indentations that had been punched in the face. He had these edges filed smooth lest the club should be regarded as illegal. I saw him play his first shot with it in its smooth form. The ball, hit from eighty yards, pitched six yards past the pin, clawed at the turf from the tremendous power of its check spin, and went back a yard towards the hole. Anybody who can do that is difficult to beat.



"JOE" KIRKWOOD HITS THE CENTRE BALL IN A PYRAMID OF THREE: AN AMAZING GOLF FEAT.

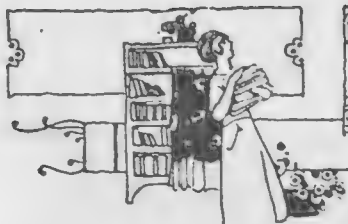
This remarkable snapshot of Kirkwood's trick golf shows him after having driven the centre ball of a pile of three, without having touched either of the others. The top ball is seen poised in the air, before falling to the ground.



TRICK GOLF BY AN AUSTRALIAN PLAYER: J. KIRKWOOD DRIVING A BALL SWINGING AT THE END OF A STRING.

Huge crowds watched "Joe" Kirkwood's display of trick golf shots at Gleneagles, and he certainly accomplished some remarkable feats. Pulling and slicing at will, stymie play on the green, and fine iron shots negotiated without looking at the ball were a few of his "stunts," but the shots which we illustrate on this page were even more marvellous. What golfer would back himself to drive a ball hanging on the end of a string, for instance?—[Photographs by T.P.A.]

goes forward an inch or so. There are good judges who think that this last little movement puts her swing out of gear, and keeps her on the fringe instead of being in the midst of the group of champions.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

A Story from the Skies.

A strange thing happened to me yesterday. I was sitting at my desk, a pile of books in front of me, trying to make up my mind which best deserved the foremost place in my weekly causerie, when the parcel-postman called. As a rule, he brings me a fairly large parcel. This time it was quite a small one, containing just one book.

I opened the parcel and glanced, without much interest, at the book. It was called, "The Heir: A Love Story." Nothing particularly exciting about that. I looked at the name of the author—"V. Sackville-West."

It appears, from the reference books, that this lady is the daughter of Lord Sackville, the owner of the famous Knole Park, Kent; that she married the Hon. H. G. Nicolson in 1913, and has already written a book called "Heritage," and another called "The Dragon in Shallow Waters," and still more under the title of 'Etc.' None of these volumes chances to have come my way; so to me V. Sackville-West was a new author.

I examined the present volume more closely. It was composed, I discovered, of five complete stories, "The Heir" standing first, as the longest if not the best . . . I began, not very hopefully, to read.

"Miss Chase lay on her immense red silk four-poster that reached as high as the ceiling. Her face was covered over by a sheet, but as she had a high, aristocratic nose, it raised the sheet into a ridge, ending in a point. Her hands could also be distinguished beneath the sheet, folded across her chest like the hands of an effigy; and her feet, tight together like the feet of an effigy, raised the sheet into two further points at the bottom of the bed. She was eighty-four years old, and she had been dead for twenty-four hours."

The Spell Begins. This did not promise well. An opening of the "realistic" kind that is rather *démoté*. Almost anybody could have written that, though not everybody would have balanced the sentences so neatly, or told us that the four-poster was of red silk. That touch of colour, somehow or other, did give me an inkling of the unusual.

There were also present in this room a lawyer named Nutley and a young man named Chase, the latter a clerk at Wolverhampton who had never known anything better than Wolverhampton. By the death of this old lady, his aunt, he had inherited a dream house and an estate which had belonged to members of his family for five hundred years. Oh, yes, there was a mortgage on it, and Mr. Nutley would sell the lot for him and get rid of the peacocks. The gardens of Blackboys were full of peacocks, and everybody knew that peacocks were terribly hard on a garden.

This sort of thing—very well and amusingly done in dialogue—went on for twenty pages. But not till the lawyers had gone, not till Chase found himself alone and free to examine his property, did the spell of the author's infinite charm begin to work.

The Dream House.

"The house looked down at him, grave and mellow. Its façade of old, plum-coloured bricks, the inverted V of the two gables, the rectangles of the windows, and the creamy stucco of the little colonnade that joined the two protecting wings, all reflected unbroken in the green stillness of the moat. It was not a large house; it consisted only of the two wings and the central block; but it was complete and perfect—so perfect that Chase, who knew nothing and cared nothing about architecture, and whose mind was really absent, worrying in Wolverhampton, was gradually softened into a comfortable satisfaction. The house was indeed small, sweet, and satisfying. There was no fault

is no girl. The story is the story of a man who fell in love with a house; a house that had suddenly come to him through the squalor and dirt and misery of a factory town, a house that had belonged to his family for five hundred years. Chase did not know that he was falling in love with the house. He was afraid of it as yet—afraid of its mellowness, its beauty, its cool interiors, its exquisite old furniture, its pictures, its silver which bore the arms that were engraved on his own ring. He was afraid, too, of the servants, of the old butler, of the tenantry, of the dog that belonged to the house, of the peacocks. He was afraid just as a boy is afraid of the first girl with whom he falls in love.

I am trying to describe to you, in an ordinary, commonplace, scrappy "review," the spell of this exquisite prose-poem. Chase, of course, did not return—as yet—to Wolverhampton. He stayed on at Blackboys. Why did he stay? Why did he torture himself by growing more and more to love a place which Mr. Nutley would shortly put under the hammer? What was the good of it? Nutley was rather impatient with him. Where was the sense of it? It had to go. Why not clear out at once and let the lawyers get the best price they could?

Well, we are not all ruled all the time by common-sense, thank heaven. Chase stayed on.

Charm of Morning. "Like a child strayed into the realms of delight, he was stupefied by the enchantment of sun and shadow. He remained, for hours gazing in a silly beatitude at the large patches of sunlight that lay on the grass, at the depths of the shadows that melted into the profundity of the woods. In the mornings he woke early, and, leaning at the open window, gave himself over to the dew, to the young, glinting sunshine, to the birds. What a babble of birds! He couldn't distinguish their notes—only to the cuckoo, the wood-pigeon, and the distant crow of a cock could he put a name. The fluffy tits, blue and yellow, hopping among the apple

branches, were to him as nameless as they were lovely. He knew, theoretically, that the birds did sing when day was breaking: the marvellous thing was, not that they should be singing, but that he, Chase, should be awake and in the country to hear them sing. No one knew that he was awake, and he had all a shy man's pleasure in seclusion. No one knew what he was doing; no one was spying on him; he was quite free and unobserved in this clean-washed, untenanted, waking world."

A Shy Man's Pleasure.

There's an understanding phrase for you—"a shy man's pleasure in seclusion." What comfort and joy that phrase will bring to the shy, who are always ashamed of their shyness. "Don't be shy! Don't be silly! If you're shy you'll never make friends!"

(Continued next week.)



TO APPEAR IN A TABLEAU WITH THEIR MOTHER: BETTY, JOHN, AND CHARLES, THE CHILDREN OF THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. McLAREN.

A series of tableaux from famous pictures will be one of the features of the matinée at the Queen's Theatre on June 26 in aid of the Westminster Maternity and Infant Welfare Centres. The Hon. Mrs. Henry McLaren, wife of Lord Aberconway's only surviving son, is arranging the Early Flemish Panel, in which she will appear with her three children. She is the daughter of the late Sir Melville Macnaghten, and was married in 1910.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street.

to be found with the house. It was lovely in colour and design. It carried off, in its perfect proportions, the grandeur of its manner with an easy dignity. It was quiet, the evening was quiet, the country was quiet; it was part of the evening and the country. The country was almost unknown to Chase, whose life had been spent in towns—factory towns. Here he was on the borders of Kent and Sussex, where the nearest town was a village, a jumble of cottages round a green, at his own park gates. The house seemed to lie at the very heart of peace."

The Love Story.

"But," you interrupt, "you said that this story was a love story. When does the girl come on?" Aren't you there yet, my friend? There

Society Portraiture – New Style: No. II.



CASSANDRA OF THE SILVER HEELS: THE BARONESS MICHAEL ACCURTI.

The Baroness Michael Accurti is not only a talented dancer, but is one of the best-dressed women in London and Parisian society, and is notable as being the first woman in this country to wear shoes with real silver heels. The Baroness, who has the beautiful and unusual name of Cassandra, is giving an exhibition dance at a fête to be held on June 29 in aid

of Russian refugees in Paris. Her daughter, Tamara, is a magnificent horsewoman, and has won many prizes at various Concours Hippiques; and her sister, Countess Yourkevitch, is well known for her devotion to animals. She is President of the French Blue Cross Society, and is working hard for the prevention of cruelty to animals in that country.

Continued.

True, worldly-wise nurse! But there is no cure for shyness—except drink or drugs, which lead to the final cure of all

Imagine this shy man all alone in this wonderful house and this wonderful garden! Imagine the horror to him of the 'business' at Wolverhampton, the pleasures of his pachydermatous companions, the streets, the trams, the local club—the whole inevitable, brazen publicity of everyday life. In place of all that—

"He knew the sharp smell of cut grass, and the wash of the dew round his ankles. He knew the honing of a scythe, the clang of a forge and the roaring of its bellows, the rasp of a saw cutting through wood and the resinous scent of the sawdust. He knew the tap of a woodpecker on a tree-trunk, and the midday murmur, most amorous, most sleepy, of the pigeons among the beeches. He knew the contented buzz

of a bee as it closed down upon a flower, and the bitter shrill of the grasshopper along the hedgerows. He knew the squirt of milk jetting into the pails, and the drowsy stir in the byres. He knew the marvellous brilliance of a petal in the sun, its fibrous transparency, like the cornelian-coloured transparency of a

woman's fingers held over a strong light. He associated these sighs, and the infinitesimal small sounds composing the recurrent melody, with the meals prepared for him, the salads and cold chicken, the draughts of cider, and abundance of fresh, humble fruit, until it seemed to him that all senses were gratified severally and harmoniously, as well out in the open as in the cool dusk within the house."



SEEN AT THE BECKENHAM TOURNAMENT LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP SINGLES LAST WEEK: MRS. CRADDOCK, THE WELL-KNOWN LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER.

Photograph by S. and G.

The Sale. And so the day for the sale drew on. I hope that makes you jump. I should be delighted to think you had recoiled in horror from the mere suggestion of a sale, because that would be proof that I had managed to give you an inkling of the charm—I don't think there is a better word—of this lovely story.

The day of the sale arrived, and Chase—where was he? In Wolverhampton. Yes, he had returned to Wolverhampton, and the lawyer was in the seventh heaven, as they say, of delight.

Lot 1: Sold. Lot 2: Sold. . . . Lot 16.

"The manor-house known as Blackboys Priory, the pleasure grounds of twenty-eight acres, and one hundred and twenty-five acres of park land adjoining." An American and a Brazilian are bidding against each other. Thirty

thousand guineas are bid. The place is as good as sold. The lawyer chuckles with glee.

"Thirty-one thousand," cries a strangled voice, "thirty-one thousand!"

It is Chase, of course, Chase come hurrying back from Wolverhampton to save his love.

The right finish. The only finish for an artist. You may say that in real life the house would have been sold. I retort that this is better than real life; it is what real life should aim at if it wants us to go on living it. If you never raise a banner on high, what reason have you to lift your eyes from the ground?

Well, are you going to get hold of this story and read it or are you not? It is for you to decide. You can do precisely as you choose. You can go on grubbing among the mouldy roots, or you can spend an hour or two in Paradise. I have said my say. I have paid my small tribute to one of the finest bits of work I have read for many a day.

The other four stories in the volume are not exhilarating. They are clever studies in the morbid. Had I been the publisher, I should have allowed "The Heir" to stand by itself, with broad margins, and perhaps a few exquisite illustrations.

However, that is not my business. I have merely put down my impressions of the book without exaggeration or reserve

"Spinster of this Parish."

Mr. W. B. Maxwell is a generous fellow to his readers. He gives them a tremendous lot for their money. In this new novel, "Spinster of this Parish," you get a highly coloured tale in a grey, lavender-scented envelope

You begin with an old maid, Miss Verinder, who is persuading a young girl not to be rash. It is all very quiet and spinsterly. Presently, however, you dip into the past of Miss Verinder. Such a past! She had fallen head over heels in love with a wild devil of an explorer, and they had run away together, and Miss Verinder had cut off her hair and dressed as a boy!

"It was all in a moment, this sudden tumult and struggle. Emmie (this is Miss Verinder, if you please) had leaped to the signal, and, half-mad with terror, she screamed aloud as Dyke fell. Twice she screamed, in her agony of dread, as the two men fought at her feet. Then someone fired. One after another three shots were fired, filling the room with smoke, seeming to split the walls with the force of the explosions. And then in the cloud of smoke Dyke was up, gripping her hand, dragging her through the doorway."

It was Miss Verinder, spinster of this parish, who fired. What is more, she had killed her man. From which she returned to teapots and chintz-covered chairs in the neighbourhood of the Brompton Road

But that, of course, is not the end. No good producer would end a "film" like that, and this story is very much like an evening at the "movies." An interesting and exciting evening, let me add!

'Mothers-in-Law.'

In a note at the very end of her latest story the Baroness von Hutten tells us that she has not been in Naples, where the scene of the book is laid, for a quarter of a century

Speaking for myself, I have not been there at all, and, having read "Mothers-in-Law," I doubt very much if I shall ever go. A more miserable existence than life in Naples as pictured by the talented Baroness it is difficult to imagine. Some of the characters die natural deaths, it is true, but any sort of death must have been tremendously welcome. One, at any rate, is stabbed, and the juvenile leading lady goes mad. A benevolent old gentleman, thoroughly enjoying the autumn of life after the decease of his wife, spoils the whole thing by breaking his leg.

There are two babies in the story. One, so far as my ignorance on the subject will allow me to understand the matter, is born dead; the other is born alive, but dies later. As the ancient epitaph says—

Came in; looked about;
Didn't like it; went out

I feel that the baby was right. Naples was no place for him, either.

The Heir. By V. Sackville-West. (Hememann); 6s. net.
Spinster of This Parish. By W. B. Maxwell. (Thornton Butterworth); 7s. 6d. net.
Mothers-in-Law. By the Baroness von Hutten. (Cassell); 7s. 6d.



WITH MRS. H. L. DE MORPURGO AND MISS E. SIGOURNEY: MRS. MALLORY, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION (LEFT). Mrs. Mallory wrested the title of Ladies' North London Champion from Mrs. Beamish at the Gipsy Club Tournament. In the Ladies' Open Doubles she played with Miss Edith Sigourney, and was defeated in them by Mrs. O. B. Manser and Mrs. H. Edgington. Both Mrs. Mallory and Miss Sigourney were among the many well-known players at Beckenham last week. Mrs. H. L. de Morpurgo is the wife of the Italian Davis Cup player.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

Brighter Shopping.



AFTER THE SINGING MANNEQUIN, THE SPORTS MODELS IN ACTION.

A well-known firm recently introduced a singing mannequin at one of their dress parades. Why not the latest summer sports models in action?

DRAWN BY A. WALLIS MILLS.

At the Cirencester Polo Club's Annual Tournament.



1. WATCHING THE FINALS: MRS. M. J. KINGSCOTE, LORD CHESHAM, MRS. ROBERTSON, MISS ELMA WOOD, CAPT. M. J. KINGSCOTE, HON. SEC. (L. TO R.).
2. RECEIVING HIS PRIZE FROM LADY DIANA SOMERSET: MR. STANLEY BARTON.
3. HOLDING HER FATHER'S PONIES: MISS SHEDDON, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. L. H. SHEDDON.
4. COL. MELVILLE, CAPT. M. KINGSCOTE, MR. J. ADAMTHWAITE, CAPT. R. R. SMART, M.C., MISS JOAN HASTINGS, CAPT. J. KINGSCOTE (LEANING ON HURDLE), MR. I. ANTHONY (LOOKING AWAY), AND (NEXT) CAPT. H. P. LES CHELLAN.
5. AFTER THE FINALS: MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY, MRS. YORKE, THE HON. MRS. CRICHTON, AND THE HON. A. CRICHTON.

The Cirencester Polo Club's annual tournament for the Spring Challenge Cup, held in Lord Bathurst's park, was won by the 12th Lancers team, consisting of Mr. W. S. McCreery, Mr. J. K. Bailey, Major A. B. Reynolds, and Captain F. F. Spicer. They defeated the Marquess of Worcester's Badminton team by 7 goals to 2. The game

was a good fast one, and the Badminton team consisted of Captain J. de Pret, the Marquess of Worcester, Captain M. J. Kingscote, and Captain L. H. Sheddon. The Challenge Cup was presented by the Hon. Mrs. Kingscote, and Lady Diana Somerset is shown handing Mr. Stanley Barton the Cup for his prize polo pony.

Photographs by Dennis Moss.

A Family Study.



WITH TIMOTHY CLEMENT AND MAUD ROSEMARY: MRS. RALPH PETO.

Mrs. Ralph Peto is the wife of Mr. Ralph Harding Peto, and the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Walter James Lindsay, a kinsman of the Earl of Crawford. She was married in 1909, and has a little son, Timothy Clement Peto, who was born last year, and a girl, Maud Rosemary, who is five years

older. Mrs. Peto, who is a cousin of the Duchess of Rutland, is a beautiful and artistic woman, and has arranged her house in Manchester Square with exquisite taste. She goes out a great deal, and is very popular in Society.

PORTRAIT STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, *The Children's Studio*, 43, Dover Street, W.

Crack Men of the Crack Counties.

1.

HERBERT SUTCLIFFE.

SUTCLIFFE jumped into fame about the same time as Holmes, but, not having quite so successful a season in 1920 or 1921 as his partner, he did not find favour with the selectors of the English XI. He has, however, made his position as one of Yorkshire's first pair quite secure, and will doubtless in due course attain the summit of every keen cricketer's ambition. Especially as he, too, is no slouch in the field.

PERCY HOLMES.

Percy Holmes has been one of the best first-wicket batsmen in the country for the past three seasons. He set the seal on



HERBERT SUTCLIFFE.

3.

he stood down at his own request in 1920, and was not up in 1921. Now he has accepted the captaincy of Yorkshire for five years, and has already shown considerable acumen in the position. As, indeed, is only to be expected of any intelligent Harrovian.

A. WADDINGTON.

Yorkshire has never been short of left-handers, either bowlers or batters, and has two now who are very near the top of the tree. Indeed, one of them, Waddington, has already enjoyed a tour in Australia, where the wickets are not at all suited to his style of bowling. He first came into prominence during the war in Army club



ROY KILNER.



G. WILSON.



A. WADDINGTON.

2.

his fame when he made over 300 at Portsmouth against Hampshire in 1920, and was more than talked about for the M.C.C. tour in Australia in 1920-21. Failing, however, to get a place then, he was chosen to play for England at Nottingham in May 1921, and was by no means one of the failures in that match. He is an excellent field, and one of the most popular of professionals.

G. WILSON.

G. Wilson was at Harrow before the war, and by making 173 against Eton at Lord's in 1913, joined the ranks of the immortals. Up at Cambridge, it was only natural that he should get his Blue in the first season after the war. Losing form temporarily,



PERCY HOLMES.

4.

cricket at Farnborough, Hants, where he seemed to take six or seven wickets in every innings in which he bowled. Fast medium is his style, and on any wicket that has at all crumbled or which gives him any help he is a first-rate bowler, likely to win a match in any unexpected half-hour.

ROY KILNER.

Roy Kilner is a better all-rounder than Waddington, being a fine batsman as well as a most capable medium slow left-hand bowler. In the opinion of good judges he is one of the finest all-round players now in cricket, and almost every week he does something to justify that opinion.



**LORD SWAYTHLING'S SECOND SON AND
MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON'S YOUNGER
DAUGHTER ENGAGED: THE HON. EWEN
MONTAGU AND MISS IRIS SOLOMON.**

The engagement of the Hon. Ewen Edward Samuel Montagu, second son of Lord and Lady Swaythling, to Miss Iris Rachel Solomon, younger daughter of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, P.R.B.A., R.A., the famous painter, and of Mrs. Solomon, has just been announced. Mr. Montagu is the second of Lord Swaythling's three sons.—[Photographs by Yevonde.]



The Lights of Paris.



Quat'z'Arts. The Bal des Quat'z'Arts, that incomparable event in the artists' world, proved that youth and gaiety are not dead, and that post-war students carry on the traditions of their elders on perhaps still more lively lines. It proved, also, that the sense of "commerce" has developed since the admission—usually strictly limited to art students—was extended to those who offered heavy prices for tickets. Nevertheless, a certain vigilance was retained at the doors. If you were not able to give the passwords you were literally thrown out—in spite of your dear ticket—and scores of crestfallen Hindoos vainly sought a chance to get in, and woefully rubbed their aching backs.

Wild Array. Luna Park was decorated in Hindoo fashion, and the costumes were supposed to match. Though the ball did not begin before midnight, we met all through the late afternoon, even in the most dozing and decorous quarters, Hindoos of the sixteenth century dashing in taxis in an undozing and indecorous manner. From the heights of Montmartre and Montparnasse, Brahmins, pariahs, priestesses of Vishnu and Civa, came down in variegated cohorts, sumptuously arrayed. Gold laces encircled shoulders and thighs; gold helmets surmounted with plumes, and mitres and sacred caps were worn; cascades of beads and jade necklaces adorned the long-eyed priestesses.

Dyed Figures. They had dyed themselves from toe-nail to hair-root. A young Hindoo deity was powdered with gold-dust. A gigantic fakir, all violet, executed, with a fair negress, a sacred dance which much resembled the shimmy. Others were blue, others of the finest black, and one was green with a curious pointed beard. When the bacchanal was over it was full daylight, and people going to their work could see, along the Champs-Élysées, whirling dervishes, incoherent rajahs, and shivering priestesses who, yawning, expressed themselves in the words of Mistinguett's famous song, "J'en ai marre."

New Dances. Of a much graver character was the International Congress of Dancing. The Academy of Dancing Masters is no mere trifle. It is an assembly of ever-increasing importance. Two hundred members from all parts of France, England, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, met in Paris for the purpose of bringing new dances for next winter. Of course, there are no congresses without speeches. We heard the *Présidente*, Mme. Lefort, who later showed us that she could dance still more wittily than she could speak. M. Lafarge pronounced the funeral speech of the shimmy, and announced, without any sign of melancholy, that the tango was entering a slow agony. He condemned the eccentricities of ladies whose opulent forms are not suited for certain dances, and he concluded that "dances pass, but the Dance stays"—a sentiment which was approved in a long ovation.

Mind Your Steps.

We were then treated to the demonstration of new steps. We now know all about what will be *à la mode* next season—the Passetto, a Spanish waltz, "lively, but correct"; the Tzidzas, a tango that a Greek master has ornamented with popular Greek figures. We had another complicated tango—the Tanguerita—which I doubt whether amateurs will be able to dance impeccably. For the Gironde we have to turn like a top and swing from side to side. The delightful Miss Harndall crossed the Channel for the purpose of initiating her colleagues into the art of the supple Gyda and languorous Tangona. And the *Présidente* introduced us to the Ondulada—a schottische, vivacious and gay, and "discreetly undulating." What a lot of work we have in front of us before we know all these steps—and their names!



APPEARING IN "L'ILLUSIONNISTE" WITH HER HUSBAND, M. SACHA GUITRY, AT PRINCE'S THEATRE: Mlle. YVONNE PRINTEMPS. Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, the fascinating wife of M. Sacha Guitry, the brilliant actor and playwright, is seen this week at Prince's Theatre in "L'illusionniste," in which her husband plays the rôle of a conjurer. Next week she will appear in "Jacqueline" with M. Sacha Guitry, and in "Comment on écrit l'Histoire," with both her husband and her father-in-law, M. Lucien Guitry.—[Photograph by Gershel.]

At the Union Interallié.

It appears that dancing in every form is *à l'ordre du jour*. We have no galas without stars of the dance—the fashion of having singers is fast disappearing. At the Union Interallié a great charity gala was held in aid of the Maison du Grand Mutilé. The Maison du Grand Mutilé—of which Marshal Foch is the patron—aims at providing every *grand blessé* with a comfortable and simple house. At Saint-Cloud, a little village of twenty-five of these houses has already been erected. But, alas! it is not enough;

and it is hoped that this charity gala has produced a large sum of money, so as to provide other homes.

Stars on the Lawn.

The evening started with a dinner. But the *clou* of the soirée proved to be the "Gala des Étoiles de la Danse." On the stage of the open-air theatre of the Union, Mlle. Zambelli appeared in "La Korrigane" and "Ascanio." Mme. Aida Boni finished her career that night: her dance in "Castor and Pollux" was her last appearance in public. Then we saw Yvonne Daunt (the Irish dancer of the Opéra) and M. Aveline in the Chopin Suites; Léo Staats in "Les Troyens"; Robert Quinault and Miss Rowe in "La Poupée d'Arlequin." And we had also Mitty and Tillio, who now rank among the greatest, in their Chinese dance. The *chef d'orchestre* was M. Philippe Gaubert. After a representation of the "Ballet des Ballets," the amateurs had their turn. A "Bal Champêtre," organised on the beautifully illuminated lawns, retained till dawn the fervents of "La Danse."

La Pavlova. Of great interest, too, was the gala given in the garden restaurant of the Acacias—that fashionable place recently opened—for the Secours aux Anciens Combattants Russes. Mme. La Maréchale Joffre, Lady Cheetham, and Miss Anne Morgan are the patrons of this charity. There, too, we had the stars of the dance—but they were Russian. We had the great joy of seeing Mme. Pavlova in "La Mort du Cygne." Mme. Pavlova is only passing through Paris, and will not give other performances. That was the only opportunity to see her this year.

Garden Parties. So indispensable is dancing to our welfare, that, not content with balls nearly every evening, we have garden-parties in the afternoons. It seems that we are anxious to fit in as many entertainments as we can before leaving the capital. We are absolutely regardless of fatigue since we know that shortly we can get all the rest we want before Deauville again takes up our strength and time. Still, we are wise enough to avoid closed-in dancing halls. We prefer flowered lawns to shining floors, and the warm sunlight to the artificial electric light. We also try to put our clothes in harmony with the green expanse and the blue sky. We like pure lines and vivid and colourful tones. For the blonde a periwinkle-blue dress with a hat of silver-grey crinoline. For the brunette with a majestic gait, a Grecian robe, harmoniously draped like a Tanagra statuette. For a sprightly visage, a silver-grey lace festooning the edge of the hat adds another enigma to the already mysterious eyes.

JEANNETTE.

Photo. by
Bassano.



A Permanent Wave As It Should Look

LOOK at this photograph. It shows an example of permanent waving as it should be. Notice the wonderfully natural contour of the waves, the silky flow, the life and radiance: the absence of any trace of 'mechanical' set appearance or ugly frizz. This remarkable result is due solely to M. Eugène's inventions, not the least important of which are the oilskin steam sachet and new curler, both improvements which assure a lasting wave of absolutely natural appearance with the absence of all discomfort and risk usually associated with other and obsolete methods. This new method is fully guaranteed not to injure the hair in any way. Waves are quite permanent, only the new growth needing treatment after six months or so. Before deciding to have your hair Permanently Waved, call at 23, Grafton St., and see the Private Cinema Demonstration, which shows the whole process in operation. Full details and photographs sent free on mentioning "*The Sketch*."

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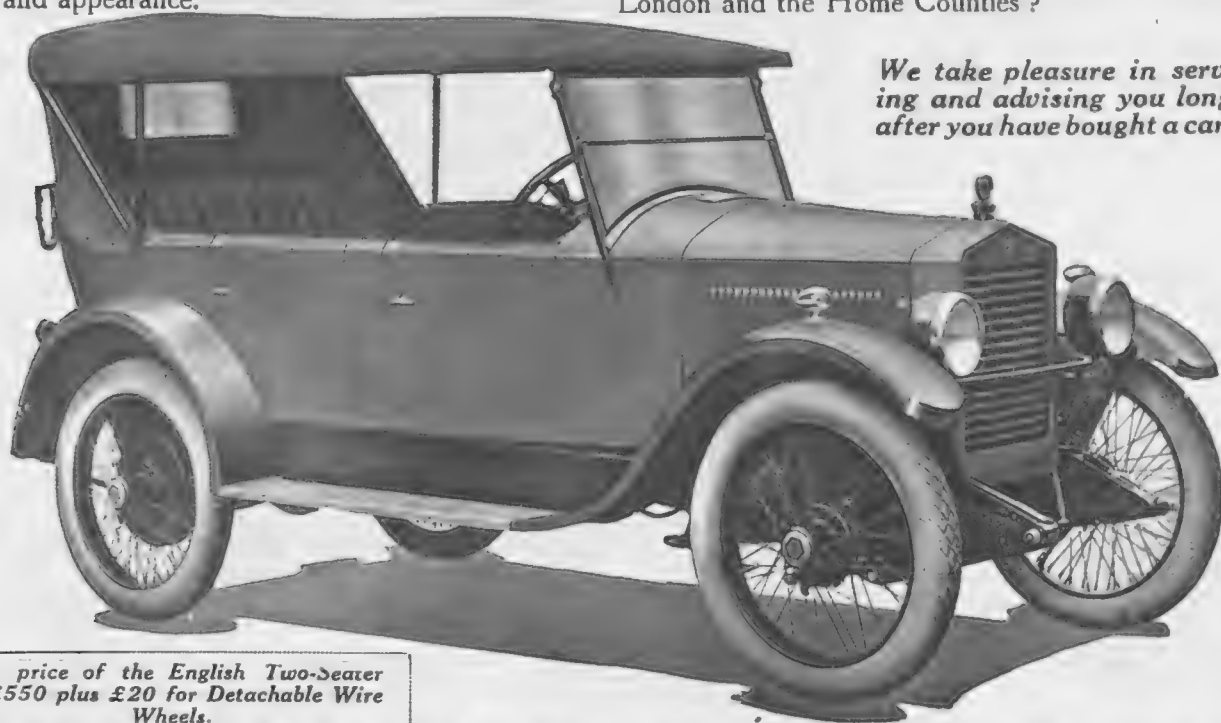
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The 'Times' motoring correspondent says "Over here we like to feel a car pick up its speed rapidly and cleanly—the Essex meets this demand to a praiseworthy degree. The steering is light and steady, the clutch smooth. The four cylinders are detachable and also have a detachable head—a good combination. Special aluminium pistons are used, and the inlet valves are placed overhead." Why not come to our Showrooms and inspect the various Essex models, of which we are sole wholesale and retail distributors for London and the Home Counties?

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Kerbside Petrol Pumps.

Motor refreshment places will be soon as numerous on the roadside as man's house of call, as I notice that every week some more kerbside petrol pumps are being installed. And, like other such hostelrys, the authorities have been paying them unwelcome attention. Two recent prosecutions at Swindon have focussed attention on the question of public control of these wayside petrol facilities, and a great deal of misleading comment has arisen thereon. In the first place, neither of the prosecutions related to short measure; they were for the technical offence of "using for trade an unstamped measure." Previous prosecutions on the same lines have failed, it being held that self-measuring petrol pumps are not "measures" within the meaning of the Weights and Measures Act, but are "measuring instruments," and as such are not within the scope of Section 29 of the 1878 Act, under which the charges were brought. For the sake of fairness I must mention that when the famous Golden pumps were introduced to this country the legal aspects of the matter were discussed officially with the Board of Trade. As a result, these pumps have been sold, installed, and used under the protection of a notice affixed to each pump the terms of which were decided by the Board of Trade, Standards Department. In other words, all was done to comply with the law existing on the point; and the Golden pumps received the approval of that department of the Board of Trade. As the stations have come to stay, the sooner the law is revised so as to give them full legal status the better for both trade and pleasure road-users.

Scottish Six Days' Trial.

No, Sirree, I never knew such wonderfully fine, sunny weather in the Highlands as occurred during the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's six days' reliability light-car trials. But I thought I was in for a 1000-mile pleasant tour over familiar spots, not a lightning rush round bonnie Scotland. Yet, owing to the strict time schedule between controls, one had to pass through lovely glens, glimpse only at waterfalls, gaze at the prospect from the mountains without a chance of that restful contemplation that brings content to tired minds. As for the little cars of 7 to 11 h.p., it was wonderful how they managed to average 20 miles an hour over such stiff gradients, roads frequently crossed by deep though dry water-courses, as well as going all out up the timed hills each day. Quite a large number successfully completed the 1020 miles' run—thirty-seven out of forty-four starters, to be exact—though only seven managed to get complete non-stop records for the six days. The

actual marks lost by the others for reliability were few and mostly due to trivial matters that by no means condemned the cars themselves. The organisation of the Royal Scottish A.C. was magnificent, even to the cartage of the luggage of about 150 people, as one arrived and found one's suit-case in the bedroom allotted at the various hotels. Fine performances were made by the 9-h.p. Stoneleigh air-cooled-engined car with three people up all the time, the 11-h.p. Lagonda, the 10-h.p. Salmson, the 7-h.p. Wolseley, and 8-h.p. Amilcar in Classes A and B for cars from £225 to £325 in price. In Class C, cars costing £325 to £420, the 7-h.p. Jowett, the 10-h.p. Swift, the 8-h.p. Talbot, the 10-15-h.p. Waverley, the 12-h.p. Palladium, the 10-h.p.



Darracq, though a little slower on the hills, made a non-stop run for the trial, gained full marks for the brake and acceleration tests, and put up one of the best all-round performances in the whole trial.

Lanchester Cosy Comforts.

One of those excellent Lanchester saloons was provided to carry some of the officials in the Scottish Six' Days Trial, and its occupants traversed the average of 180 miles per day as cosily as if the distance had been only 50 miles, so little were they fatigued.

It is quite a trick car too, as it managed all the hairpin bends and narrow mountain-road corners as if it had quite a short wheel-base in place of its comfortable long one. I do not know a better car for the Highlands, or Lowlands either, as it has power, speed, and a turning lock better even than a taxi, which is saying some, as my U.S.A. friends remark. But what I particularly like in all these Lanchester cars is the comfort of the coach-work, and the neat places arranged to stow away all impedimenta necessary for touring, both for the occupants and the care of the car itself: lockers under the floor-boards, cunning cupboards which are unsuspected, so out of sight are they placed, and the upholstered cushions at the right angle that support one's weary limbs just where they need it.

South Wales Motor Races.

A great number of pleasant people hope to go to the South Wales Automobile Club hill-climb at Caerphilly on June 28, and to the speed races on Rest Bay sands at Porthcawl on the following day, June 29, as it is a very nice picnic if the weather is fine and the sun shines. Also there are no other motoring events that clash with these dates, so enthusiasts from Lancashire mingle with those from the Midlands and the South; while our "Yakky-Dakky" friends make everybody welcome. There is a golf course near by, which permits of a round being played by those who are tired of seeing the cars speed along the sands while they are perched on the natural grand stand provided by the rocks that lie scattered as a land fringe while the

incoming sea creeps over the course. For so many are the entries, so numerous are the silver cups and medals, that it is a full day's amusement as long as the tide will permit to run off all the events. And the last ones are usually cars *versus* tide, so woe betide those who fail to bring a few boards for the car's wheels to rest upon while waiting, else spade and shovel, and pullee-haulee-oh! to get them out again on firm ground.



ON A VISIT TO JENNY LIND'S GRAVE AT MALVERN:
MME. FRIEDA HEMPEL, THE FAMOUS SINGER.

Mme. Frieda Hempel, who sang recently at the Albert Hall, had not been heard in England for eight years. She is a great artist with a beautiful voice. Mme. Hempel recently went to Malvern to visit Jenny Lind's grave, and is shown entering her car there.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

air-cooled B.S.A., and the 11.4-h.p. Citroen put up a good performance, with the Talbot leading in points for the hill-climbs—nearly 97 marks out of a possible 100 marks. The 11.9-h.p. Star shone in the next class, D, for cars worth £420 to £500, getting easily into first place; while the 10.5-h.p. Galloway and the 11.9-h.p. Albert did well also. The 11-h.p. Riley made the best average in the hill-climbs in Class E, and a non-stop run for the trial; while the 12-h.p. Talbot-

Plays — Without Prejudice.

ON GREAT ACTRESSES AND RARE OCCASIONS.

Acting. London had one of its rare opportunities a few days ago of observing an exhibition of the forgotten art of acting. And London, for the most part, availed itself of the same. Because acting is almost the only art which in these days of theatrical syndicates and dress-designers and choreography and scenic stunt-merchants is not practised on the British stage.

Charm. You may see an almost indefinite number of charming young ladies who impersonate charming young ladies with quite extraordinary skill. Their smile of cold prettiness in Act I. and their smile (the same smile) of reconciled affection in Act III. are miracles of risible—if that is the adjective—capacity. But acting, you know, is almost one of the lost arts. It must have gone out with the stock companies. Yet there are a few surviving practitioners of this old-world form of entertainment. And one of them a few weeks since came, as they say, upon the town—that is to say, she came all the way down from Hampstead to revive in the West End the faded memories of this once almost universal accomplishment.

Exports. Someone, it would appear, is taking steps to improve our exchange on Amsterdam or Narvik or one of those wealthy neutral places by a sudden export of dramatic entertainments. And before they were all packed up and put on board the steamer, London was allowed to open a few of the cases and take a look inside the straw.

Mrs. Pat. What they saw was a histrionic lady impersonating a horrid person with consummate skill—Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Hedda Gabler. It was a performance of rare distinction, and one trusts that the outer world will be appropriately impressed. The normal London stage isn't a bit like that really. But it would be awfully good for our international prestige if we could lead them to think that it was. Because she was, oh, so good!

Hedda. The languid unpleasantness of the General's daughter is exquisitely studied. This almost incredibly feline and evil young person really comes to life in Mrs. Campbell's hands. Which is a great deal more than she can be got to do on the cold pages of Ibsen. And the rasping

tedium of her provincial surroundings was admirably suggested by the rest of the company.

Rule, Britannia! So the supremacy of the British stage is being admirably upheld by its representatives abroad. And long will it continue, if they are chosen as skilfully as that. As long, that is to say, as they are unrepresentative. But then, samples are never quite like the bulk of the goods, are they? So let us continue to keep our best well in the front of the window and hope all the time that the simple foreigner will believe that the rest of the stock inside is just like that.



THE CREATOR OF PAULA TANQUERAY AS SHE APPEARED IN THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," IN 1893.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell was engaged by George Alexander to play the title rôle in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" when the famous Pinero play was first produced at the St. James's Theatre, in May 1893. Her wonderful interpretation of the part set the seal of success on her career.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis.

Décor. Yet there is another sphere in which British achievement may fill one with pardonable pride. If you penetrate the frowning portals of the South Kensington Museum you will find in full blast a Theatre Exhibition, described (in order to get English people to patronise it) as an International Exhibition. And there again you will find yourself, as you stroll round among the exhibits, proudly humming "Rule, Britannia!" to the exasperation of two young ladies from Tuskegee, Wisc., just behind you.



Dresses. Because in the art of the theatre, so far as it can be judged at South Kensington, the English practitioners are well ahead of the first flight. If you look at the drawings for theatrical costume, you will find that the Russians overdo it in the amusing manner from which we have learnt so much; whilst the Germans strive laboriously after cleverness, and the French have managed to reach about the point we had all got to in 1900. But Mr. Albert Rutherston's drawings are delightful to look at and—as some of us who can remember the Barker productions are prepared to testify—admirable to watch on the stage.

Scenery. And you will find the same thing in the designs for scenery. Mr. Gordon Craig, it is true, gives himself the airs of a pioneer on the strength of sketches which are almost completely empty and models which look like quiet corners in a Tube station. But the Norman MacDermott models for Shakespeare, the Fagan designs for an Oriental play, and the familiar Lovat Fraser sketches of the eighteenth century are as fine as anything that the rest of Europe has sent to the show. Indeed, the only foreign production that one felt any wish to see after glancing at the designs was the German setting of a French Revolution play about Danton. So there is no need to despair just yet.

Finance. Because there is more than a sufficiency of brains and taste and decorative capacity in the British theatre. The only need at the moment—and that is a pretty pressing one—is the money without which none of these things can be got across the footlights into the eyes and ears of you and me and everyone else. If only one of the kindly old gentlemen who finance musical comedy (because it is so cosy) and the old Vic. (because it is so uncomfortable) could be got to stand behind the common or garden drama, all might yet be well. And it will be. It always is. We've got the men. We've got the scenes. And one day, when we have the money too, we will put on all the mountings which are exhibited at South Kensington. And then all the world will have to come to London in order to see how it is done.



AS SHE APPEARED IN THE SECOND REVIVAL OF "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY": MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS PAULA TANQUERAY, AT THE ROYALTY IN 1901.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell played Paula Tanqueray when Pinero's famous play was revived in 1895, at the St. James's, and again in 1901, when it was given at the Royalty. Subsequently she played the rôle at the New Theatre in 1903.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey.

MIDSUMMER FASHIONS.



MISS PHYLLIS DARE

Wearing a Sans Souci Hat built by Henry Heath, 107, Oxford Street, W.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.



School Flannels

THE boy of school age practically lives in flannels from April to October. No more practical, hygienic, and economical garb could be found, but it is essential that they be of good quality, and well tailored if they are to render good service.

Rowe flannels are cut from all wool West of England cloths, shrunk to infinity, and tailored throughout in our own workrooms.

Every garment conforms to school regulations, with an added precision of fit and cut, and they are sold at highly competitive prices.

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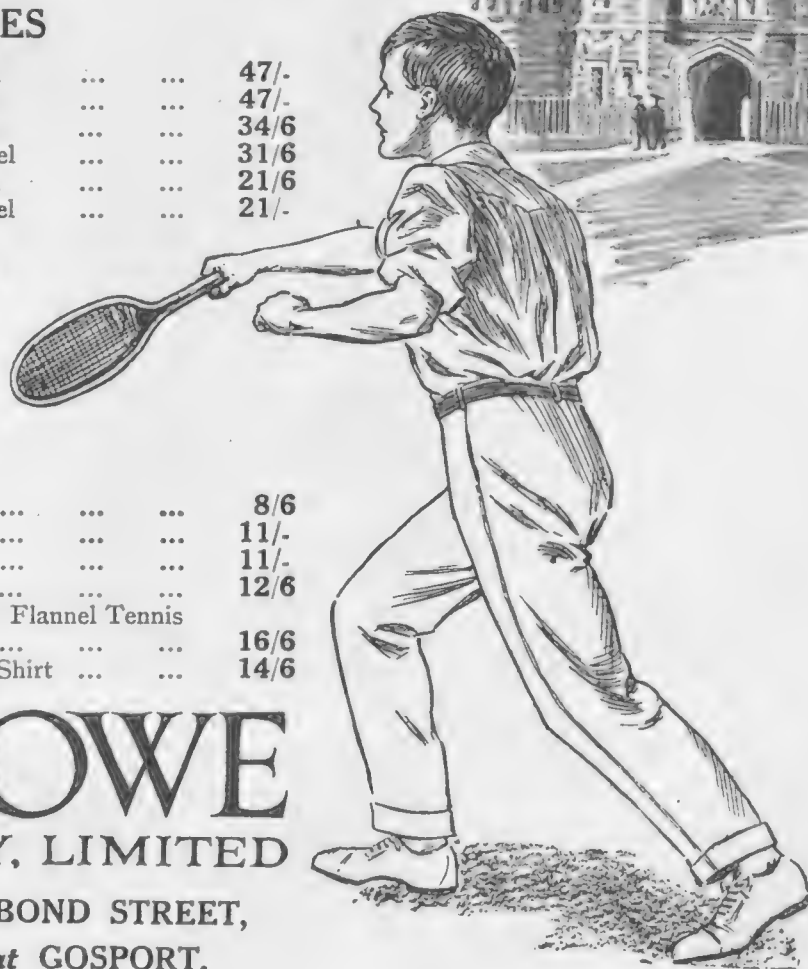
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TENNIS SHIRTS, with collar attached

Grey Union Tennis Shirt	8/6
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These charming Pamela hats are made of white crinoline underlined with tulle. What could be more becoming for little maidens?

Their Majesties' Court.

The glitter of historic jewels, the dainty loveliness of the flowers carried by many of the débutantes, and the stately grace which the veil and feathers lend to a Court dress, all combined to make their Majesties' first Court the most brilliant function of the season. The modified trains were a great success; many were made of priceless old lace or gleaming lamé brocade of exquisite shades. The Queen's magnificent gown of pale-blue brocade shot with gold was accompanied by a train of cloth-of-gold partially veiled with superb lace, and embroidered with lotus flowers. Her Majesty wore the ribbon of the Garter, and from her left arm flashed the diamond garter presented to her by the Marys of the Empire. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles had chosen a lovely gown resembling her wedding-dress, of pure white marquisette embroidered with pearls. The train fell from both shoulders and was composed of heavy gold lace, while touches of gold mingled with the pearl girdle which marked the waist.

Hats for the Little People.

The Pamela hat is designed for the little people, and therein lies the secret of its success. When a clever artist in dress makes a feature of hats for small maidens, it stands to reason that no details are forgotten, and every simple shape is studied and arranged to accompany nodding curls and smiling faces. What could be prettier for Miss Three-Years-Old than a white crinoline Victorian bonnet underlined with pleated tulle? This is adorned with two tulle rosettes in which a tiny rose is hidden, and finished with long tulle strings tied with wee satin bows and roses. Another crinoline model is

embroidered with Tuscan straw, and underlined with shell-pink tulle. A wreath of grass is placed on the wide brim, and blue and pink flowers peep from between the blades. Close-fitting hats of the early Victorian shape suit all faces, and Pamela hats designed on these lines are carried out in every colour imaginable, in crinoline, rush, or straw. Pamela hats can be obtained at all the leading shops; but if any difficulty is experienced send a postcard to Mme. Auburn, 31, Maddox Street, and she will put you in communication with the nearest retailer.

Gowns for Garden Parties.

Many of the garden-party frocks this year are accompanied by a charming wrap, sometimes the same colour as the dress, sometimes a contrast. This certainly adds to the elegance of the gown, and Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have designed many exquisite models on these lines. The sketch on this page depicts a lovely gown of white georgette ornamented with bands and bows of white net. The sleeves are open to the shoulder, and the waist-line is marked by a girdle of ruched ribbon, shaded cyclamen in colour. Cyclamen jersey georgette is used for the attractive



This exquisite gown of white georgette, ornamented with net, is accompanied by a graceful cape of cyclamen jersey georgette. Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's.

cape which falls in points at the sides; the high collar of ruched ribbon is quite a novelty, and the colour-scheme is perfect. Brown jersey georgette and dyed lace are used for another ensemble. The upper part of the gown is of georgette, and the draped lace



Harrods have used pink-and-silver taffetas for this attractive frock, and decorated it with silver ribbon and taffetas petals.

skirt is held at the hips by brass-and-enamel clasps which are most attractive. The shawl-like lace wrap falls in graceful folds from a collar of jersey georgette.

Shot Pink and Silver.

There is always a subtle charm about a certain exquisite shade of rose-pink taffetas shot with silver. Harrods', Knightsbridge, have used this beautiful material for the fascinating frock created for the young girl and pictured on this page. Taffetas petals caught here and there to strands of silver ribbon separate the panels which form the full skirt. This attractive decoration appears again on the semi-fitting corsage, and a shower of little pink roses on silver threads falls from the waist on one side. White crêpe marocain is much in favour for summer wear, and one of the lovely models displayed at Harrods' is ornamented with the smallest tucks and trimmed each side of the skirt with bands of monkey fur, which resemble delicate black frills. The sleeves of this gown are very short, but a tucked length of material falls from the shoulder and fastens into a neat little cuff at the wrist.

Olive Herdige.



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THE 10/15 h.p. FIAT

Unsolicited Testimonial received by one of our
 London Agents, Messrs. H. C. Nelson, Ltd.

Loch Carron, Ross-shire, April 27th, 1922.

I feel I really must write to you at the earliest opportunity and tell of the Fiat's latest. She is the most astounding 'bus I've ever driven.

I left Early-wood on Tuesday morning at 6.0 a.m. with chauffeur, one box, two suit-cases and some small packages. Then right through, with occasional 10-minute stops, to Edinburgh, where we arrived at 10 p.m., and having missed our way twice. The mileage was 425.

Wednesday, left Edinburgh 11 a.m. and arrived here at 10 p.m.—mileage 282. Now, many machines could do that run, and perhaps in much better time; but what would the driver and the car be like at the end of it? I'm not in the very best of health yet, and you know my head is my trouble, and soon gets upset by violent vibration. Yet I drove myself every inch of the way, and can honestly say that, although, naturally, tired, I was fit enough to do another 50 miles either night, had it been necessary, without fear of evil results.

Thursday's run was over baddish roads—vile round Stirling.

It's beyond me to express my praise of the car. I've had a pretty wide experience of cars in my time, though I say it myself! but I tell you perfectly honestly that never have I met anything to approach the Fiat for high average speed, hill-climbing powers and general smoothness of running, and I'd very much like to find any other car of equal power (or greater!) which would have brought me through that run as comfortably. I doubt if there is one to equal it—I defy any car to beat it!

(Signed) C. W. MURRAY.

P.S.—No trouble of any kind—only opened bonnet to pour in petrol.

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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Hats for Every Occasion.

All women visiting Woodrow's salons, 46, Piccadilly, will be charmed with the variety of hats displayed—each one more tempting than its neighbour. There are hats for the country, others for the sea, many for those garden parties to which everyone is looking forward, and, last but not least, hats which roll up without damage and can be packed into the smallest space. The delightful travelling hat sketched at the top of this page is made of woven plait in lovely fuchsia shades, and trimmed with sprays of chiffon grapes. This hat is without wires, therefore it can be folded quite flat. The price is 39s. 6d., and it can be copied in almost any colour. Cream manilla straw, very light in weight, makes the second hat. This is underlined with black miroir velvet, and ornamented with a large butterfly bow; the cost is 35s. Woodrow's unspottable felt hats are delightful for country wear; and summer-weight felt hats for the tropics, with wide, double brims and special sunproof lining, can be obtained for 4 guineas.

Frocks for the Holidays.

It is always a difficult matter to decide just the new frocks that will be needed for the holidays unless one is able to see a large variety from which to choose. Ecirum, 43, South Molton Street, has a delightful collection of frocks, cloaks, and wraps for



The charming hat in shaded fuchsia straw is decorated with chiffon grapes, while cream manilla, underlined with black velvet, is used for the shady one. Sketched at Woodrow's, Piccadilly.

every occasion; evening gowns from 8½ guineas, and innumerable little cotton dresses at very reasonable prices. The sketch depicts a charming green-and-mauve frock in the new shot crêpe-de-Chine, on which a delicate white pattern is printed. The corsage is becomingly simple, and the skirt is adorned with slender panels finished with tassels. This is priced at 8½ guineas. White embroidered lawn ornamented with coarse lace makes another beautiful gown. The side-panels, embroidered with black, dip gracefully, and the low waist-line is marked by a girdle of red and black beads. Another of Ecirum's exquisite models is of brown georgette, while the loose corsage and sleeves of brown net are heavily embroidered with silver grey.

Eau-de-Cologne "4711."

Many scents having a faint odour of orange-blossom are called eau-de-Cologne, but the real eau-de-Cologne, made from the old recipe discovered in Cologne in 1792, is always marked with the number "4711," on a blue-and-gold label. The secret of the original recipe has never been disclosed; but year in, year out, this exquisite perfume is distilled in Cologne from the delicate, sweet-scented orange-flowers, and the coarse timber of the orange-tree—used for inferior scents—is never allowed to find its way to 4711, Rue de la Cloche, where the celebrated perfume is made. A little "4711" sprinkled into

the bath invigorates and refreshes the whole body. It makes the skin glow and tingle pleasantly, removing all roughness and redness as if by magic. As a handkerchief scent "4711" is ideal; it is never heavy or obtrusive, but delicate and extremely refined.

Tennis Coats of Note.

Lawn-tennis becomes more popular each year, and the real enthusiast takes great care in providing herself with suitable clothes. A chill is often caught after a strenuous game in the heat of the sun, but Aquascutum, Ltd., 100, Regent Street, have conspired against this by fashioning the most delightful tennis coats, easily slipped on and as easily discarded. The polo-tennis coat pictured here is made of white fleece, with comfortable pockets and ample set-in sleeves. Semi-lined, the price is 7 guineas; but, single-breasted, it can be obtained for 6 guineas. Made in bright polo-fleeces and eiderscutum,



All tennis-players should possess this white polo-fleece coat which Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, has designed for them.

this coat is equally useful as a town and travel wrap. Pure wool tropical cloth, thin and very light in weight, is being used by Aquascutum for tailored suits for the hot weather. These perfectly cut costumes are indispensable for travelling, and, if necessary, can be completed with the flowing seamless cape which is so much to the front this season. Of course, all these garments can also be obtained in the celebrated weather-proof aquascutum, made in every shade of pure wool materials.

[Continued on page 496]

Shot-green and mauve crêpe-de-Chine is used for this exquisite frock, which was sketched at Ecirum's, 43, South Molton Street.

"La Naturelle"
is
Natural.



Miss Joan Kingdom, the charming young actress now appearing at Wyndham's Theatre, is endowed with beautiful hair, but her busy life frequently compels her to seek the aid of that great artist in hair, M. Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road. The photograph to the left (lower) pictures Miss Kingdom wearing "La Naturelle," an echo of the natural.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN NEAME.

A Well-known Paper in its society column
draws attention to the FINE ROPE
of PEARLS
worn by a well-
known lady.



The lady wrote us
how proud she was
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A lady client advised us recently that on two occasions her necklet of *Ciro Pearls* had been chronicled in the paper as "fine pearls." She enclosed the cutting of a well-known paper which read :—

"A notably smart dress was the brown sequin worn by Mrs. . . . a very pretty effect being further enhanced by the wearing of a fine rope of pearls," and added :—"I might say I have put myself to the expense of a genuine clasp to justify the compliment to your renowned pearls."

"TRUTH" of March 1, 1922, also vouches for the realism of

Ciro Pearls

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"So close is the resemblance that on many occasions, people who would have laughed at the idea that they could not distinguish between a real pearl and the finest imitation, have been utterly unable to decide which was the oyster pearl and which the *Ciro*."

But we prefer that you judge for yourself. If you come to our showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or, if you cannot—avail yourself of :—

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On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of *Ciro Pearls*, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings or any other *Ciro Pearl Jewel* in hand-made gold setting. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to

the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro Pearl Necklets* may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

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A beautiful room of Chinese Chippendale designed by Story, 49, Kensington High Street. The gold-coloured curtains are relieved with a handsome border. Attention must be drawn to the Pelmet of blue cloth, enriched with appliqué work, and divided into wings by gold cordage. The gilt-wood cornice is carved and panelled with richly decorative Chinese detail, and finished with magnificent gold tassels.

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. . . herself . . . only just begins!

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the mediums acknowledged all over the world to foster loveliness, build complexion-beauty, and rouse good looks that are dormant to become dominant.

Mme. Rubinstein has specialties for every specific need of average, unusual or abnormal skins.

Mme. Rubinstein urges you to choose—not the preparation “that did a world of good to Mrs. So-and-so,” not the one that “worked wonders for Miss Such-and-such”—but the particular preparation that is right for *you*—in short, Mme. Rubinstein wants you to respond to the idea that she does not *merchandise*, but *specialize*.

Mme. Rubinstein is happy to help you carry out the idea of intelligent specialization in the care of your looks. She will choose the correct treatment for you, if you write or come to see her; if you phone, or post her a card, she will send you, free of charge, her beauty magazine, “Loveliness through the Letter-box.”

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Valaze Balm Rose makes impossible all sunstains and skin discoloration, no matter how much exposed to wind and sun the skin may be. Balm Rose also forms a highly becoming foundation for finishing touches.

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Valaze Refining Lotion diminishes the size of large, coarse pores, improves the texture of the skin, and effaces shine.

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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

The Perfect Wave.

Nature has not endowed every woman with naturally waving hair, and it is a mistake to think that because one's hair is straight it should remain so. Nature has always been assisted with success in all her undertakings, and it is now possible to treat the hair in such a manner as to produce waves identical not only in appearance, but in character, with the natural wave. The Nestlé Company, 48, South Molton Street, have invented a wonderful system of permanent waving which actually changes the texture of straight hair to the texture of naturally wavy hair—even sea bathing only tends to increase its beauty. The Nestlé treatment is guaranteed harmless, and when each strand of hair is released from the metal tube—to the outside of which an electrical steam-heater is applied—a wonderful transformation is effected and the rippling tresses are given a test shampoo. Everyone will admit that curling hair is a woman's greatest charm, and a glance at the beautiful photograph of Lady Idina Gordon proves the real loveliness of the Nestlé waves. Sometimes only the side-pieces need be curled, and this is undertaken at the rate of 6s. a section. An illustrated catalogue with many interesting details will be sent on application.

A Note on Polished Floors.

There can be no doubt but that the condition of the floor makes or mars many houses. The well-cared-for appearance of linoleum and wood floors adds immensely to the charm of the home; but, alas! the amount of time and labour it entails could so often be spent on more congenial work. Now



Lady Idina Gordon, whose beautiful hair has been permanently waved by Nestlé, South Molton Street.

Tessaline is a perfect floor varnish which can be applied to any linoleum or wood floor with the greatest success. After application Tessaline hardens, and imparts a rich gloss which will last a year. All dust can be removed with a broom, and once a month the surface may need washing over with a flannel and tepid water. Before using Tessaline—which

can be obtained in the form of stain and varnish or clear varnish—the boards should be scrubbed with hot water and soda to remove all traces of grease and wax polish, which prevent Tessaline from drying.

Delicious Tea-Cakes.

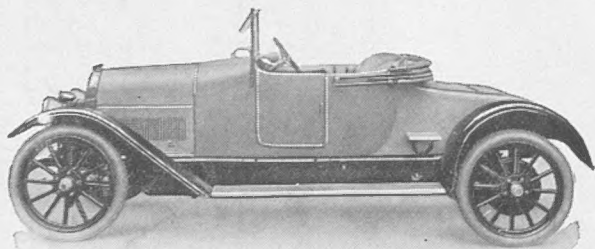
A good recipe is always treasured by the careful housewife, so here is one that should be tried as soon as possible. Everyone likes tea-cakes, and, besides being delicious, they are quickly made. Even the unskilled cook is sure of success if the following recipe is studied. Take half-a-pound of flour, one teaspoonful of Borwick's baking-powder, two ounces of sugar, a quarter of a pound of margarine, and one egg. Mix the flour, baking-powder, and sugar, and rub these into the margarine. Make this into a light dough with the egg and a little milk. Roll out and cut into rounds, then place on a greased tin and bake quickly. When cooked, the tea-cakes should be split open and buttered, and, of course, served hot.

What to Eat in the Summer.

Light meals are all that the appetite demands during the summer months. There is a distinct danger, however, that the reduced amount of food taken may not supply sufficient nourishment to give the necessary strength and vitality. Summer lassitude and fatigue are the result of inadequate nourishment, and it is an excellent plan to drink "Ovaltine" at breakfast and in the evening. This delicious beverage is concentrated nourishment, and amply supplies the food elements in which the ordinary light summer diet is deficient.

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